

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI
1861

3rd
EVERY
THURSDAY

NEXT
MOVES—
and WHY
by A.G.G.

WINMAN
SHUTTLE
COCKS

OVERTIME
AND
INCOME
TAX
by the EDITOR

"DAD'S GONE BACK TO SCHOOL AGAIN"



Yes—I've got Dad to buy some of his Savings Certificates through our School Savings Group. Every 15/- he puts in will grow like billy-o till it's £1. 0. 6 in ten years—and he won't have to pay a penny Income Tax on the increase.

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

The "No Trouble" Investment

Issued by the National Savings Committee

A Film-Star Complexion

can still be yours—

For
you can make
Lux Toilet Soap
last twice
as long



Of course you want your complexion to be cared for with the soap-and-water beauty treatment of the film stars. What girl doesn't? But it's because so many of you are asking for Lux Toilet Soap, that it's often hard to get in the shops.

Still, there's no need to worry. Luckily for us all, Lux Toilet Soap can be made to go twice as far!

You see, the lather made by Lux Toilet Soap is more abundant than the lather made by ordinary soaps. So, with one simple twist of the tablet you get enough lather, even in hard water, to soap your hands and arms. In soft water, you'll get enough for your face and neck as well.

What's more, Lux Toilet Soap

lather is active. It lasts longer—doesn't dry up and disappear.

And here's a point to remember. To make soap last longer keep it as dry as you can. Never allow it to float about in the bath or basin, or in a watery dish. And when you're near the end of a tablet, stick the remaining piece to the new tablet.

Lux Toilet Soap is now sold in the new 3½d. tablet (Purchase Tax included).

LUX TOILET SOAP

The Beauty Soap of the Film Stars

VL 1255-9

A LEVER PRODUCT



Dr Carrot at the breakfast table

"Carrots not your idea of a breakfast dish?" says Dr. Carrot. "Just try Carrot Marmalade—that'll turn you into a regular Oliver Twist!"

The more carrots you include in your diet, the more you benefit from their rich store of protective Vitamin A.

Watch these recipes—they'll give you new light on how to use carrots.

Carrot Marmalade

3 lbs. carrots, washed, scraped and grated. 1½ lbs. sugar (warmed). Rejuvenant of a lemon in lemon substitute. Put the carrots in a preserving pan with just enough boiling water to prevent the pan from burning. Cook till tender, adding a little more water if necessary. Then add the sugar and lemon substitute. Bring back to the boil and cook until a chunky consistency is reached (about 45 minutes). A really pleasing substitute for the orange marmalade you can't make! (But it will not keep, so do not make more than two weeks' supply at a time.)



GIVE YOUR FAMILY THE MEAL-TIME DRINK THAT IS A FOOD AS WELL

The drink you give your family at meals can be a good body-builder, energy-giving food. Give them Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food. It has a delicious, tempting, chocolatey flavour. Ask your grocer for Rowntree's Cocoa today and make it your regular meal-time drink.



ROWNTREE'S COCOA makes every meal go further

Prices: quarter-lb. 5d. half-lb. 9d.



Save

ELECTRICITY

by using

Osram

COILED-COIL LAMPS

Economise in electricity—but be sure of getting the utmost value from the current you use by fitting OSRAM coiled-coil lamps. They give up to 20% more light for the same current consumption.

A S&C PRODUCT

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

The Wonderful Lamp



Excuse me—
Inner Cleanliness
comes first!



FIRST. Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue.
NEXT. Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity.
THEN. Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY. To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels.

Andrews is always effective, because the quality is always the same. Prices: 10½d. & 1/6½d. including purchase tax.

ANDREWS

When days are cold, many prefer
Andrews with the cold air.



BRAVE NEW (MEATLESS) WORLD!

There is no doubt that the animals, at least, would have agreed with the guest of the Brains Trust who said that we could get along quite well without meat if we replaced it by other suitable foods. But there are some things not so easy to replace: Your Mullard Radio for example. Many thousands of fortunate listeners are appreciating now, more than ever before, the sterling qualities so long associated with Mullard Valves and Sets.

That is why, when you can again buy freely, you will still choose . . . MULLARD.



MULLARD
RADIO VALVES AND SETS

THE MULLARD ELECTRONIC INDUSTRIES CO. LTD., CHICHESTER HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.2

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 14, 1942,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"



CRAZY

● In one Welsh district there are 350 married women who travel 120 miles to and from work every day. Is it a wonder that some of them are complaining of exhaustion?

At a newly-finished factory young men are being brought from remote distances for maintenance work.

Men of sixty who helped to build the factory could do that job quite well. But they are being sent far away for other work.

All, of course, will get subsistence allowances because they must live away from home.

Why not save the allowances? Why not prevent unnecessary inconvenience? Why not economise in the use of over-burdened transport?

All three would be possible if Officialdom provided local work for local residents.

Unfortunately, such words as "sense" and "saving" do not appear in the official vocabulary.

Straight from the Shoulder

LET'S START TO WIN

BOLDLY, ruthlessly, our leaders should go all-out for a quick and smashing victory in Libya.

Unless we control the Mediterranean, the whole of our war strategy will fall to bits.

If we divide our forces, we shall fail as we have so dismally failed before.

The Middle Matters Most

We are sending reinforcements to the Far East. But the Middle East should have first claim.

Let there be no doubt about that.

Once the Mediterranean is safe we can send far greater supplies to the Far East by the nearest route—and Spring should see the Japanese fought to a standstill.

Success or Stalemate?

But if Rommel continues to out-general and out-gun us in North Africa, then Spring will enable Hitler to drive towards the oil he covets.

He is preparing to do so. He is making his preliminary dispositions.

That is the great danger that confronts us. That is the impelling gravity that should make us strive for success in one theatre of war rather than a precarious stalemate everywhere.

Box-and-Cox

So something more than a Box-and-Cox reshuffle of Government posts is needed to stop the rot in our affairs.

There should be the same mood of urgency as in the perilous days after Dunkirk.

Apathy

Because we seem incapable of hitting back with the power and purpose of our Russian allies, the general public is becoming as "browned off" as the millions of airmen and soldiers now eager for action.

We are slipping back to that frame of mind in which we jested of the "bore war" in Chamberlain's do-nothing year.

Cripps was Shocked

This was the first thing that struck Sir Stafford Cripps on his return from Moscow.

He found in Russia "an almost vivid sharing in the actual day-to-day anxieties of the battle."

He found in Britain "an apathy, as of witnesses of far-off events," among our people.

Slow Motion

The Government is largely to blame.

It should be the pace-maker. Instead, it apes the slow-motion camera.

It has dithered and dallied. It is still dithering and dallying.

Passing the Buck

Even on the smallest matters, some Ministers seem unable to make up their minds. They appoint a committee to "consider" a point that should be settled in five minutes—and the committee takes five months for its "consideration."

As for great affairs—matters affecting the whole conduct of the war—the delay is no less conspicuous and far more culpable.

Partial Defence

Think of the Government's hesitations concerning aerodrome defence.

Note its indecision regarding Civil Defence workers, "browned off" by a winter of weary vigil; a month has passed since the proposal to incorporate them in the Home Guard.

So with other problems of pressing moment:

India. Bombing strategy. Shipbuilding. Concentration of industry.

What's the Answer?

Is R.A.F. co-operation being taken seriously by the Army Brass-Hats?

Are we building tank-smashing aircraft of the type that the Russians used so successfully to halt the German advance and convert it into a retreat?

We look at Libya, at the crashing advance of Rommel's tanks, and we are not reassured.

More Posers

Are we now producing a much bigger proportion of heavy tanks? Or are we relying on the light tanks with two-pounder guns that let us down so badly in the first stage of the Libyan battle?

Are we going to stop profiteers and Black Market thugs? Dare we be satisfied with the new National Fire Service?

Prevailing Mood

Everyone can point to some disquieting lag in the national effort. Nearly everyone outside the Government feels frustrated, impatient and cynical.

And not even the Government now denies that our war production, vast though it is, is capable of vast and sustained increase.

Diplomatic Restraint

Tribute must be paid to the restraint shown by our guests, the Russian trade union leaders, in their criticism of our industrial output.

They speak of "very considerable unused reserves," of under-employed machine tools, of the slowness to employ women, of employers' unwillingness to listen to workers' suggestions.

Week by week such criticisms have been expressed in these columns. But not, we admit, with the same delicacy.

JOHN BULL has been under no obligation to be polite. Nor will it pull its punches in future.

Third Year

National scandals call for strong words. And it is a national scandal—one of the worst that could be imagined—that in the third year of war our immense resources should be hampered by lack of direction, by red tape, and by deliberate obstructionism.

So Lord Beaverbrook will have a tough job to cut through the jungle. It is still not clear whether he has been given the requisite power to do so.

Judgment Suspended

The new Ministry under his command is a belated response to the demand made in these columns for years, and recently supported by the entire Press.

Judgment must be suspended until it has been given the chance to show results.

Naturally, Mr. Bevin will retain complete control of man-power. It is fitting that his functions should not be curtailed.

It is a recognition by the Government of the importance of labour and the supreme part ordinary men and women are playing in this People's War.

Preparation I

Presumably we are now passing through the "preparation" phase of which the Prime Minister spoke in Canada.

The public would like concrete evidence that we are preparing vigorously and well. It wants to play a bigger part in that preparation.

And it will not be content with syrupy assurances.

Now is the Time

If ever time was on our side, it is not so now. It will not favour us in the future.

We cannot just "hold out" until the U.S. braces its giant strength or the Russian bear hugs Hitler to death.

We have learned that time can bring us disasters as well as new allies.

Two Lessons

Rommel has proved again that the Axis does not take two years to mount an offensive.

Stalin shows that our ally does not believe in allowing one's deadly enemy a breathing-space between hard knocks.

Britain must prove that its vast power can at last gain victories of a more lasting character than those already achieved.

All-Important

And the first success—the first stage in the path towards final victory—must be won in Libya.

Such is the immediate task for the Fighting Forces.

No less urgent is the task to which all civilians should be directed—the complete mobilisation of all our resources and the end of all forms of waste.

Armed Aid

More arms for Russia and China will bring the Allies more triumphs.

More ships and tanks and planes will bring triumphs for Britain first in the Middle East, then in the Far East, and lastly in Europe.

More aid for agriculture will release more merchantmen and more warships for those campaigns.

Light the Lamp!

The Government must wage total war. Total warfare is not possible when men and materials are going to waste and the whole nation is impatient and resentful.

Only our leaders—by actions, not words—can rekindle the flame that burned so brightly after Dunkirk.

(Continued overleaf)

TRUTH ABOUT ANTI-GAS FAKES

● No warnings against worthless anti-gas preparations have been issued by Mr. Morrison's Ministry of Home Security.

Perhaps he doesn't think it matters if civilians are blinded.

But at least an effort is being made to protect some of our troops.

One officer has posted the following statement in his company orders:

"The best first-aid treatment known for liquid blister gas in the eyes is the immediate flushing out of the eyes with water."

"Various substances are on the market whose makers claim that they will save the sight of the eyes."

"These substances have been given exhaustive tests, but in all cases the makers' claims have failed to attain the results expected of them."

"All ranks are warned against placing reliance in such substances."

Very well. If this statement is correct, why is it not circulated to all the Forces and the civil population?

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

ONE way to speed up arms output is to improve passenger transport.

Engineers tell us of having to wait one to three hours on cheerless Lancashire stations for a train; they work an 8½-hour day, but are away from home for 12 to 15 hours.

Women on munitions complain of 'buses that are always late by as much as an hour.

Unnecessary fatigue and irritation prevent workers from giving of their best. Better production depends on better transport.

Double Loss

And on better works management! JOHN BULL is incensed at the wholesale "suspensions" of workers for petty offences.

Granted that it's necessary to penalise lads and girls for cheeking the foreman or throwing paper pellets at one another.

But why send them home for three days or a week? That means not only loss of pay for the individual but loss of power for the nation.

Infamous

Still worse is the suspension of people who turn up late because train or bus is late.

That is a screaming injustice to decent workers. As for suspected shirkers, they should be drafted to the Army unless they pull their weight.

Coal Wanted!

Consider this case: seventy miners were actually waiting in a queue to get their lamps at a Welsh pit when the "Stop" buzzer sounded. And so they were refused their lamps and sent home for the day.

The country needs coal—badly,

urgently. Must it go short because miners are only a few seconds late?

Box and Cox

Labour is also wasted by the Ministry of Labour.

Fair example is the case of a young woman on essential war work. Despite her protests, she was ordered to transfer to a munitions factory.

Another girl was ordered training for a "100 per cent. war job." Yes, it was the one the first girl had left!

Crazy Climax

The first girl appealed again. She was told a mistake had been made; she wasn't wanted for munitions at all.

Her qualifications, she was told, made her suitable for very vital work.

But she hasn't got it yet. She is unemployed and cannot even draw the "dole."

Cost Plus

Merseyside town, heavily battered, is striving to bring its shelters up to date. But the work is held up for lack of builders.

Where are they? Not in the Army. Not in the R.A.F. or Navy. Nor are they building aerodromes.

They are repairing bombed houses—at the 'cost plus' system.

Slow Motion

One householder had some of these gentry "at work" on his place for nearly a month.

They rarely arrived before 10 a.m., took two hours for lunch, and always left before 5 p.m. One of them took four days to put in four small panes of glass.

Rise for Tommy

The Prime Minister's decision to improve Service pay and allowances is one

of the wisest moves he has made. It should remove much dissatisfaction and resentment.

Mr. Churchill would also be wise to satisfy himself that Army training is based on the experience gathered in this war.

Their Mistake

Quite a few soldiers would like to blow up (metaphorically) the uniformed fools who post them as "absentees" without cause.

One man on leave fell ill and was taken to hospital. R.A.M.C. informed his unit, but he was posted as an absentee and his wife's allowance stopped.

He then wrote to his commanding officer. But first civil detectives, then the military police, have called at his home to arrest him, and the worry had made his wife ill.

Only an idiot could explain why such idiotic mistakes arise.

Brass-Hats' High Hand

Acres of rich land already planted with corn, acres of well-stocked pasture are being requisitioned by the War Office.

There are miles of rough ground adjoining, but the Brass-Hats won't look at it.

They want the fine soil for tank training.

So crops must be wasted, the farmers must sell their stock and face ruin.

The War Office never changes its mind.

Camping Out

The War Office must have known it wanted that land long before the corn was planted. The Services must have known months ago how many more recruits they would be receiving.

Yet JOHN BULL hears of troops under canvas during this year's bitter weather—for the second winter in succession.

We hear of units deprived of all reasonable comforts, of men just discharged from hospital having to sleep without a blanket.

We are told of R.A.F. men in empty houses without fires or furniture, of W.A.A.F.s who cannot get hot water even to wash their clothes.

Inquiry, Please

And we demand an official explanation—before summer provides an excuse for further forgetfulness.

Month's Notice

Now for comedy:

A Birkenhead laundry with a contract for Army washing received a month's notice that the work would in future be done by an Army laundry unit.

Two days before the contract expired, however, an officer rang up in a fuster.

Just in Time

"Please," he begged, "can you take our washing after all? The Army laundry unit, we learn, has been disbanded."

And when was that? A month ago—before the contract was cancelled.

The Birkenhead laundry people had known all about it, luckily made plans just in case the Army shouldn't discover its mistake until too late.

Part Time

Why, we wonder, are some Observer Corps units so reluctant to accept women volunteers? Is it because they might have to dispense with the men of

military age now engaged on indoor telephone work?

Times Have Changed

Mr. Bevin, we suggest, should revise the information given in the National Service booklet that once provided such heavy loads for the postmen.

It was issued before the war, and nothing so complete has appeared since.

The Pleasure Is Ours

No doubt you'll be pleased that the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty were pleased to learn of the success of Barnstaple's Warship Week.

So pleased were they that they offered two commemorative plaques to the town. But Barnstaple hadn't held its Warship Week!

Help for Hitler

No humour can be found, however, in the report of committees presented to Devon County Council.

One hundred copies were issued; each contained fifteen blank pages, total of pages wasted, 1,500.

That's Why

Of course, the Army can do better than that. Twenty-page booklet—one for every Army vehicle—has to be signed daily by drivers to witness that they have performed certain maintenance tasks.

Yet the entire vehicle is closely inspected once a month—so half an hour a day is wasted on an unnecessary clerical task.

But, you see, it all helps to waste paper and increase the Army's demand for man-power.

Round and About

As for waste of transport, listen to this epic of official ineptitude:

Urgently needed goods were landed at a Scottish port. Waiting lorries were sent away empty; the goods were sent by rail to Northampton, then to London, finally to Lancashire.

You'll pay the extra costs.

Overboard

Food waste? Yes, it still goes on. A crippled ex-Guardsman, now a watchman on docked liners, tells how in a single night he watched food being thrown overboard that would have kept his family of seven for a week.

It included a pound of cooked liver, nearly as much cheese, brawn, fried fish.

Other watchmen report similar waste. If they attempted to take a little home, of course, they would soon be in court.

Why not prosecute the wasters?

No Protection

Waste of effort? Well, Wandsworth is typical of many boroughs.

It has placed covers over the sandbags in the streets. They are marked: "Lift."

It wouldn't matter if someone "lifted" the lot, for the sandbags are rotten with months of exposure, and would be useless during an air raid.

You Get It Cheaper

The price of JOHN BULL has risen to 70s. a copy. No, don't be startled. That sum was paid at Hinckley in an auction in aid of the Red Cross.

Our congratulations to Hinckley—and our hope that some other town will do one better.

Behind the News

● Why Goering went to Rome: First, to work out best way to break resistance when Italians know that all of them (and their navy) are to be under direct Nazi orders.

● Secondly, to plan replacements for Luftwaffe casualties in Italy and Libya. Thirdly, to try to arrange safer convoys of men, machines and materials.

● Mussolini's doctors have told friends that Duce's health is breaking down, another stroke would finish him. So leading Fascists are struggling for place as chief Nazi favourite.

● Thousands of German troops captured by Russians have not taken off their clothes or used soap since October.

● Latest survey of cost to Hitler since his "intuition" took charge reports daily loss of 5,800 men and materials equal to five days' total German output.

● Need for wool and hides is so great that Nazi Agricultural Minister is reducing herds by a further 15 per cent., despite danger to future milk and meat supplies.

● He is also badly worried by huge jump in foot-and-mouth disease,

which destroyed 7,000,000 cattle in German Europe last year.

● Hitler's fiercest enemy among the generals—Hammerstein—has accepted a command on the Russian front. But his terms were high.

● Admiral Doenitz, U-boat chief, declares that Raeder has faked official figures about sinkings. Raeder, in turn, complains that the army expects him to do too much in the Mediterranean.

● First scapegoat for the failure to obtain Vichy's fleet is Liebeg (deputy to Otto Abetz), who was sent to Russia and died of a "stroke" within a week.

● "Let the Poles die of typhus so long as it's kept away from Germany," is the order given to Nazi doctors.

● So many Germans are being killed in Occupied Europe, so many reprisals taken, that Gestapo is forbidding publication of the facts.

● In Yugoslavia, the guerilla army of General Mihailovich is planning an offensive to coincide with the Nazis' Spring campaign, hopes to engage six German divisions.

OVERTIME and INCOME TAX

AFTER 100 years' experience of Income Tax, it is generally agreed in this country that there is no fairer way of raising revenue.

Of course, the tax has never been popular—except among those who did not have to pay it.

Great numbers of the latter were dragged into the Income Tax net by the last Budget, and many of them—particularly among the wage-earners—are now resentful of the Inland Revenue's demands.

They ought not to be. The man who pays any Income Tax must be better off than the man who pays none. Every wage-earner liable to tax must have a bigger net income than the rank-and-file Service man.

Of course it is not pleasant to pay out money and get no tangible return for it. Even the rich do not like to be "soaked."

But we cannot win the war without paying for it, and to lose the war would be to lose everything.

Under direct taxation, the burden can be, and is, adjusted to the individual shoulders. Under indirect taxation the poor always must be hit harder.

Clap 6d. on the Income Tax, and the wealthy man will have to pay that 6d. almost in full on every £ of his income, whereas it will not cost the lower range of taxpayers more than a few shillings a year.

But put an extra 2d. per lb. on tea, and every tea-drinker, rich and poor alike, will have to pay that 2d. or go without his tea.

JOHN BULL believes that, if working men and women would face these facts, they would stop grumbling at Income Tax itself, though they would have every right still to press for certain reforms in the Income Tax system.

TO-DAY there is an undeniable tendency among many workers in war industry to "ca' canny" and avoid overtime rather than pay tax.

We believe that this is due in the main to misunderstanding, and not to sheer selfishness.

Some people have the impression that they are being asked to "work for nothing." Actually this is not the case, and to cut down one's possible earnings simply because part of them will be deducted for the Revenue is very like putting off one's nose to spite one's face.

Part of the trouble is that manual workers may have to suffer heavy deductions to-day for tax incurred in the previous half-year. If their earnings were much higher then than they are now, it does sometimes happen that they are working temporarily for very little indeed.

Nevertheless, they are only paying what they owe to the country. They ought, theoretically, to have made provision for the rainy days when conditions were fine and overtime plentiful.

But it is not in the least surprising that they failed to do so, and JOHN BULL strongly maintains that the Revenue should meet all cases of hardship with sympathy and tolerance.

The law does not permit wage envelopes to be completely emptied by tax deductions, but we do not profess to understand why "the irreducible minimum" was reduced last November.

Until then unmarried workers had to receive at least £2 2s. a week in cash, and married ones—unfortunately irrespective of children—£3 2s.

Now, with the over-all cost of living definitely higher, these figures have come down to £1 17s. 6d. and £2 17s. 6d. respectively.

JOHN BULL urges the Government to look into

this matter and allow a higher subsistence level, even though tax due may have to be paid by instalments over a longer period.

Above all, we implore the Chancellor of the Exchequer to hasten his promised "careful review" of the workers' Income Tax position, and arrange for them "to pay on the nail."

The Revenue authorities seem to think it would be exceedingly difficult to make a change of this kind. So it would, but we are convinced that something could be done and ought to be done.

All that is needed is to assess in good time the amount of each worker's taxable income after all personal allowances have been made.

Whatever he or she may earn above the tax-free figure would be subject to tax at 6s. 6d. in the £ up to the maximum of average wages (say £5 a week for a single person and £12 a week for a man with a wife and five children).

Once the Revenue had informed the employers of this basic tax-free figure, it would be a simple matter to deduct the appropriate tax week by week from each week's earnings. Then, when overtime was earned, the worker would know that out of each £ earned he would actually receive 13s. 6d., and that his tax would be paid right up to date.

At present, it is true, a great many people are owing tax on previous earnings, and this cannot be paid in a lump sum. JOHN BULL suggests that the gap could be filled and ought to be filled by a long spread-over of small additional payments to clear off arrears.

It is only fair to add, however, that existing delays in assessments are largely due to the workers' own negligence. Many of them wait until the last moment to send in their returns, whereas, for their own sakes, these should be sent in as early as possible.

The Income Tax authorities, like most others, are working short-staffed under great pressure. If they do not get the necessary information from the public in good time, they cannot be held solely responsible for delay in notifying employers of the deductions which must be made.

Then the position of married women. It is not possible to give detailed figures or individual

examples; but, broadly speaking, the woman war worker's average wage is 50s. a week.

On these earnings she will have to pay an average of £23 8s. tax, whereas a single woman at the same wage will pay no more than £12 0s. 6d. After meeting various inescapable expenses the married woman may be left with less than £1 net for her week's work.

Why not increase the earned income relief for all married women? Such an increase is not only expedient; it is just.

We make no excuse for women who stop work because "it doesn't seem worth while."

At the same time it is not fair to make them carry a proportionately heavier burden than any other class of worker.

BUT, when all is said and done, wage-earners have no more right to resent Income Tax itself than any other section of the community.

A tremendous number, even among the grumblers, quite overlook the fact that the tax they are paying to-day is to a large extent being credited to them as savings after the war.

A single person, on an earned income of £120 a year, pays £7 10s. in tax, and will be credited annually with exactly the same amount in the Post Office Savings account. A £400-a-year childless couple pays about £80 a year in tax, and will get back £28 in savings. And so on.

But the system of collection could be greatly improved, and we strongly advocate a wide and simple publicity in every big factory in order that workers may understand what they are paying and why.

They should be encouraged to fill in their returns promptly, and to consult their local Inland Revenue offices in any difficulty.

But, in the last analysis, their duty is to pay up without grumbling and to remember that they are lucky to have to pay at all!

Money is the least of all contributions to the national war effort, and, to put it plainly, the man who will "ca' canny" and will dodge overtime to save his paltry share of taxation is nothing but a "scab"—a fellow who is failing his comrades and letting his country down in its hour of greatest need.

Eighteen Human Shuttlecocks

FACILITIES for billeting workers urgently needed for war work are still in a chaotic state in many parts of the country.

The experience of eighteen men recruited recently at Employment Exchanges in London is all too typical of what is going on.

A firm striving to complete important war work in Shropshire wanted them quickly.

The men were assured in London that "everything had been arranged for their reception at the other end," and that comfortable billets had been fixed.

So they set off in high spirits on their 187-mile journey. The wives of some of them went to the station to see them off.

When they arrived in the evening at the camp where they were to work they discovered that the Welfare Officer had not been told they were coming.

"He was in obvious difficulties as to what to do with us," said a member of the party.

"After much rushing about, we were at last shown the place where we were to sleep.

"It was a hut with a cement floor, no windows, a galvanised tin roof. Wind whistled through the cracks of the doors at either end of the building.

"The walls dripped and the bed-clothes were damp. There was a small stove between eighteen men, and we had to scrounge what fuel we could.

"The place was not fit to house a dog, much less human beings."

Late that same evening these tired, cold and hungry men were served with an indifferent meal, for which they were charged 1s. 9d.

This was an additional hardship, as they had little money and had been told that the meal would be served free of cost.

In the morning they found that sanitary arrangements were primitive. There were three war-basins to serve the needs of about 800 men employed on the job.

That day the men were taken to

two towns—one of them sixteen miles away—in a search for billets, but without success.

The next day the men approached the firm of contractors and asked for suitable accommodation.

The contractors, behind time on the job, were anxious to retain the men, but even so they could not find billets, except at a price which would have swallowed up the men's wages.

So the men were paid off and sent to the local Ministry of Labour office.

Eventually they were given railway warrants to return to London.

Once again someone has blundered.

Once again urgent work is being held up owing to lack of organisation and foresight.

Unfortunately this is not an isolated case.

Our man-power problems are so urgent that we cannot afford such folly.

What about it, Mr. Bevin?

GENERAL DOUGLAS MacARTHUR, U. S. Commander-in-Chief, the Philippines

DEAR GENERAL.—There are some great events in this war that just don't make sense. Your stand in the Philippines is one of them.

So I will not talk of your bravery or your brilliance. After all, those qualities have long been recognised; they must be taken for granted in view of the incredible campaign you are now waging.

Incredible is the word.

Your force of Americans and Filipinos is small. It lacks adequate supplies of guns, planes, and tanks.

It has suffered heavy losses. It has been blasted by terrific bombing.

But still you ignore the Japanese demand for your surrender to save "useless bloodshed," even though the enemy assures you that "your prestige and honour have been upheld."

You do not fight on for prestige and honour.

You fight because you are making the Japanese keep 200,000 veteran soldiers and masses of tanks and aircraft in the Philippines that they would like to use elsewhere.

Indeed, they are having to send powerful reinforcements in a desperate effort to overwhelm a resistance that has earned tribute from your President, our Prime Minister, and General Wavell.

And it is not a passive resistance.

You know that attack is the best form of defence. You sally out, with brilliant tactics, to destroy hundreds of the enemy at a time.

That is what we should expect from a man who has always been called "a front line general."

It confirms your reputation as the bravest and brainiest man in the United States Army; it reminds us that you have won a decoration in every campaign in which you have been engaged.

But it makes it harder to realise that your age is sixty-two and you officially retired in 1937.

You will, I know, fight to the end. Every Briton hopes that the end will be a deserved triumph.—JOHN BULL.

Miss FLORENCE NORSBRUCH, M.P.,
Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Health

DEAR MADAM.—The drift back to the towns continues. It is encouraged by the idiotic regulations of your Ministry.

A soldier's wife was bombed out fifteen months ago. She and her three children were evacuated to the country. Now the house has been repaired and her billeting allowance withdrawn, so she must go back to a London danger area.

If you want the evacuation scheme to go on, you'd better overhaul the allowances system.—JOHN BULL.

Canon J. BRIERLEY,
Rector of Wolverhampton

REVEREND SIR.—It is wrong for Sunday war work to interfere with church-going. It is wholly wrong for Home Guards and cadets to drill during church hours. It is wholly wrong to hold Sunday shows or concerts.

So you say. To be consistent, you should insist that troops stand easy on Sunday, sailors cease sailing, and airmen remain grounded.

Why not, indeed, arrange with Hitler and Tojo to stop the war one day a week?—JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,

Somerset War Agricultural Committee

GENTLEMEN.—The Government urges farmers to greater efforts. You could be a lot busier yourselves.

At Watchet is a field, once highly



OPEN LETTERS

productive, that for years has been covered with docks, thistles, couch grass, coltsfoot and other weeds. When the thistles seed, they smother adjoining allotments.

It's no small matter. This year we shall need every inch of soil that can be cultivated.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.,
Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR.—Firemen tell me that out of 84 hours' duty they spend 28 hours in polishing brass. It is just a matter of show, of course, and adds nothing to fire-fighting efficiency.

The men—like all other Civil Defence workers—would rather have something useful to do. Yet your recent Order will not provide one in ten of them with war work during their weeks of waiting for the siren.

Can you not do better than that?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. R. C. FLEMING,
Chief Accountant, Board of Trade

SIR.—Your numskull assistants are still amusing themselves by paper-chasing.

A boy's ration cards were lost. Your Department promptly sent him forty new clothing coupons—in five big registered envelopes and accompanied by five formal letters.

Knowing official methods, I wonder there weren't forty letters.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. DOBSON,
"Cottage," Coven Heath

SIR.—Your "friendship and romance" advertisements merely display your ignorance.

"Why be lonely," they ask, "when a stamped envelope can bring introductions of friendship or matrimony?"—and they solicit half fees (1s. 9d.) from the Forces.

Now let me ask you one: 'Don't you know that Service personnel are forbidden to correspond with strangers?'

The instruction makes no exception of "pen pal" touts.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, M.P.,
Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR.—So your Ministry's 25th birthday party was a cheap affair, was

it? Only 1,100 people were invited, you claim, and the cost was only £50.

I'd rather the money had been given to those disabled war victims who have so callously been denied a pension by your "whoopie" officials.—JOHN BULL.

Air-Marshal P. BABINGTON,
Chief of R.A.F. Personnel

DEAR SIR.—It was once reported that airmen were to have the chance of transfer to trades in which their civil experience would be of use. But some camps do not appear to have heard of the scheme.

Moreover, I hear of fitters, riggers, mechanics and other tradesmen having to scrub N.A.A.F.I. canteens, clean lavatories and pick up paper from the roads.

Such waste of skill is worse than uneconomic. It is sabotage.—JOHN BULL.

The TOWN COUNCIL,
Glydebank

GENTLEMEN.—There is grave unrest among your wardens and casualty services.

They complain that equipment lost in raids has not been replaced, that present equipment is spoilt by storage in damp shelters, and that some posts are flooded by inches of water.

To avoid trouble you would be wise to consult the association they have formed in an effort to improve conditions.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. E. THOMAS,
London Transport

DEAR SIR.—Your traffic circular reminds busmen that "every drop of fuel wasted helps the enemy." How true! Yet they know that at one London garage some 200 gallons of petrol a week are wasted in keeping bus engines running at night, though the garage is equipped with a heating system.

At how many other depots is the same extravagance permitted?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR.—I doubt if you are aware of the hard deal suffered by men transferred from their present jobs to the Merchant Navy Officers' Reserve Pool.

While waiting for a ship they receive £3 a week. Because of their commitments that leaves some of them with only 10s. on which to keep their families.

Yet they are expected to provide their own equipment for seafaring!

How can they afford that expense, and why should it not be met by the State?—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF WARDEN,
Dudley

DEAR SIR.—Please tell me who authorised the sending of a first-aid car and an ambulance on two journeys to Bridgnorth—a distance of some twenty miles—in order to fetch R.A.F. bandmen for an A.R.P. cabaret.

Local bandmen could have prevented the waste of petrol, waste that was an insult to the seamen who have to risk their lives every day.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. KNOX,
A.T.S. Chief

DEAR MADAM.—Disquieting stories reach me of the strain imposed on A.T.S. convoy drivers.

These girls leave their billets at 7.15 a.m. and do not get back until any time from 6 p.m. till long past midnight. So they go on day after day in all weathers; often they are soaked to the skin and almost dropping with fatigue.

I can rely on you, I'm sure, to draw up a reasonable rota.—JOHN BULL.

Feathers—but No Finery

WE have the cock-pit to thank for one of the most cruel and most stupid practices in this country. I don't mean the bloody battles between specially bred birds slashing savagely with spurs, but the handing out of white feathers.

The phrase "to show the white feather" came from the mains. No game cock, it is said, has a white feather; it indicates a cross-breed in birds, and betrays lack of fighting qualities.

And so, ignorant people in this war, as in the last one, use the white feather to try to brand those who, they believe, are shirking their duty.

A fifteen-year-old Tottenham boy has just received through the post an envelope to which were glued three white feathers. His friend, two years older, shot himself in an air raid shelter after receiving a similar stupid envelope.

★ ★ ★
A well-dressed woman getting out of the train at Ewell Station threw a white feather into the lap of an elderly man, saying: "That's for you."

The elderly man, who lost an arm in the last war, merely said: "She's more to be pitied than blamed."

Only ignorant, mental sadists, mean-minded, vindictive people send out white feathers. They post them anonymously, and stab in the dark.

Many of us, if the truth were known, are probably a little worried about ourselves, asking inwardly whether we are doing ALL we can to beat Hitler.

But that is between us and our conscience. Many a man and woman, daring to analyse coldly and remorselessly their activities to-day, would have to admit that they could do more—even if that little more were an extra hour or two in the garden, or a little time devoted to salvage work, or a cutting down in tobacco and beer.

★ ★ ★
But we don't need white feathers to remind us of those things.

The women who hand out the white feathers are usually of the slacker type themselves.

They are women with minds as broad as a thin piece of paper, with an outlook on life distorted and embittered, with a vision clouded by selfishness, and with a charity as warm as an iceberg.

I'll wager almost any odds that the woman who sends out white feathers is a gross materialist; that she is catty; that she spreads evil gossip about her neighbours; that she hates to see people happy; that her tongue, like her mind, is cruel and venomous.

Poor, miserable, unhappy creatures, slaves to the incessant demon that rides their minds.

Yes, the man in the train was right. They're more to be pitied than blamed!

MAURICE FAGENCE takes you along to meet Florence Nightingale, 1942. She's different, of course, but behind the smart uniform, the vastly improved status, and the marvels of modern medical equipment, the woman hasn't really changed

They're still Florence Nightingales

WHEREVER war reaches with its gory fingers, there you will find the Army nursing sister—the Lady With The Lamp.

Ten have been taken prisoner by the Japanese in Hong Kong.

What may be the ultimate fate of those of them now moving noiselessly, efficiently about the hospital wards of Singapore, I cannot even guess.

They freeze in Iceland. They swelter in the Sudan. In every theatre of war these brave women in the scarlet-faced grey uniforms mean as much to our wounded, sick and dying lads as did Florence Nightingale herself.

Yet their story has not been told. It is with a sense of expunging my own part-guilt that I tell it now.

It begins, so far as this war is concerned, in the cold, dank dawn of September 10, 1939, when the first six of them were disembarked into the grey shadows of a French port.

A Miss Collett was the first to land.

She stood just long enough amid the tumult of a disembarking expeditionary force for her companions to reach her.

And within half an hour they were preparing for British wounded.

By next day, when they were joined by Miss Jones, matron-in-chief of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service—as the Army's own nursing service is called—they had established the nucleus of a military hospital.

They Weren't Too Old

Our recruiting offices, at that moment, were telling men of just over forty who wanted to fight that they were too old for service overseas.

But there were women of fifty-five, fifty-six, among those first Army sisters to reach the battle-front.

I must tell you of Miss E. C. M. Huffam, who is certainly not as old as that.

Her brother won the V.C. in the last war—and in this war he had reached France before her. But she had her brother's spirit.

"My parents stopped me going to France last time," she said, "but I'm here now."

And she had one blazing desire—to go right into the front line.

Now I will let you see something of the war through the eyes of these brave women. It will give you a picture of the women themselves.

On May 14, 1940, Miss A. R. Pfolliott left No. 7 General Hospital to buy *Le Paris Soir*. She reports:

"Holland had fallen. Mademoiselle, who always served me, had tears in her eyes.

"Next day search was being made in the town for women wearing our Q.A. uniform. The town was said to be full of spies.

"Air raid and heavy A.A. gunfire brought the war nearer to us."

The town was crammed with refugees and had to be barricaded in the hope of capturing the Fifth Columnists who were successfully mingling with the refugees.

Wounded arrived from other hospitals. A convoy of forty, all surgical cases, was brought in by a Norwegian ship.

Food and water had run out. Badly wounded, they had been without either for two days.



Every sister is a commissioned officer in the Regular Army now

Then two sisters came in with the news that they had seen parachutists descending.

"From now on, enemy planes came over with great punctuality, and patients and staff spent most of each night in the cellar, getting very little sleep.

"Great bombs dropped in the hospital grounds damaged water and gas mains. Until they were repaired, work was carried on under great difficulties.

"Tired and hungry soldiers kept drifting in. There is no longer any doubt that a major catastrophe has overtaken the B.E.F.

"Our order to evacuate arrived. . . . Meanwhile, Miss C. L. A. Robinson was reporting events at No. 4 General Hospital.

"The town was full of spies. We saw and heard many arrests.

"Several times suspects tried to enter our premises.

"Enemy planes were coming over, and when I went through the glass wards of the old Casino, I shuddered to think what one bomb would mean there.

Retreat Under Fire

"The news grew worse and worse. We were told to pack.

"Miss Hall and I walked to the ambulance train that was to evacuate us, rounding up stragglers on the way.

"Soon after the train started machines were fighting overhead, and one or two of our shell-shock patients who had had experience of attacks on other trains jumped off.

"We persuaded them to join us in the cook's van.

"We had to load the hospital ship between bursts of firing.

"We tried travelling with our ship fully lit up, but the enemy dropped bombs beside us. Then we travelled on in darkness.

"But when morning came we had R.A.F. planes around us. We felt safe at last!"

I have told of Miss Huffam, the V.C.'s sister.

In her graphic report she tells of an Irish orderly who, when German machines were flying low over them and "Britons at bay were trying to do their best against wretched odds," looked up into the sky and said, "Cobber Kain, we need you!"

Half-drunken French soldiers came round the sisters and hissed at them, mistaking them for Germans. Reaching their ship, she records:

"Sent down below and told to hide ourselves. Terrific barrage. Enemy machines started to bomb us, and we were all ordered to be ready for the boats.

"Then, seven minutes after the first bomb dropped, the British Navy came alongside, and the cry went up, 'All's well.'"

Hospital Ship Sunk

And now a picture of war as seen by an Army sister serving on hospital ships, Miss E. Williams:

"Our hospital ship *Paris* was engaged evacuating wounded when there was a terrific crash that flung me from one end of the cabin to the other.

"The lights fused. I groped my way through the dark to the deck. It was extraordinary how calm I felt.

"After I had got into a lifeboat I saw a scout plane coming from the coast, and thought it was one of our own. Two other machines followed. I was sure they were ours.

"The next moment I found myself forty yards out at sea. It was all so sudden—one minute in the boat, the next far out at sea.

"Half an hour elapsed before I was safe in the lifeboat again. We fastened all the boats together.

"An old tug came up. The cabin boy died as we were getting him on board. There were badly burned engine-men to dress.

"Reports came that Jerry was still overhead, and I wondered why we couldn't have died on the *Paris* instead of going through it all again."

A number of reports describe savage attacks on British hospital trains.

But Miss M. B. Kneebone introduces this little incident:

"We took on our train a young German officer with a severe wound. Peter Piper was his name!

"He was a grateful and charming boy. 'How futile war is!' he told us."

News from Greece

Now a despatch from Greece, written by Miss P. C. C. Sharpe, a matron:

"We were told to receive Greek wounded. They were all very ill, many with guillotined double amputations.

"One told us that if he had gone to any other hospital he would have died.

"We had quite a scene with some when the time came for their departure. They threw things about like children in a temper!

"We were soon in a sad state for linen—insufficient towels, sheets, pyjamas, etc.

"Air raids became so continuous that sounding alarms was useless.

"We sent many of our wounded to a ship that had three direct hits and was set ablaze.

"It was really grievous to see lads we had discharged a few hours previously returning to us with fresh wounds. Their spirit was magnificent.

"Then came evacuation. Lorries took us away over the most ghastly roads I have ever experienced.

"We were bombed continuously all the way to Crete."

I cannot tell you how many of these heroic women there are.

It would help the enemy to judge the strength of the British Army—for this nursing service is an integral part of the Army and grows with it.

Every sister is a commissioned officer—of the Regular Army at that!

Soon their reports will enable us to see the war in the Pacific through women's eyes.

But Miss Jones, their matron-in-chief, knows how they will behave.

Like Florence Nightingale.

ENTER THE SALVAGE STEWARDS!

BBROADCASTING recently, Mr. G. B. Hutchings, Director of Salvage and Recovery, Ministry of Supply, announced a new scheme to speed up the collection of salvage.

In every street of every town and village, in every factory and workshop throughout the country, there are to be officially appointed Salvage Stewards.

★ ★ ★

These unpaid volunteers, who will be issued with a certificate of authority, will teach the importance of salvage to their neighbours or workmates, and advise people on how to sort the various kinds of salvage—paper, metal, rags, rubber, bones and kitchen waste.

They will also help to set up local dumps so that collection can be made easier and quicker for local authorities.

Salvage Stewards will also be asked to make suggestions for the more efficient collection of "waste" of every kind.

Mr. Hutchings stated that all local authorities have been asked to put this scheme into effect at once.

Local authorities will issue pamphlets to all Salvage Stewards telling them exactly what is wanted and suggesting how they should tackle their job.

Local councils' salvage officers will give full details on application.

Voluntary organisations, which already have done so much in salvage work, have promised their wholehearted support.

A number of local councils have similar schemes in operation. As Mr. Hutchings points out, there is no desire to seek to alter any existing schemes for collection. The sole aim is to make the Salvage Steward scheme a national one.

★ ★ ★

Volunteers will be doing a vital job. Salvage to-day is an important wartime industry.

Through this industry, scrap material and waste can be turned into munitions, armaments and equipment for the Fighting Forces.

To speed salvage is to speed the guns and the tanks and the planes and the shells from the factories. That is the Salvage Stewards' job!

NEXT MOVES—AND

★
By A. G. GARDINER

A PART from the torrent of Billingsgate which he poured out on Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt, Hitler's defence of the breakdown of his programme in Russia can have given little comfort to the German people.

The infallible prophet has ceased to prophesy. He no longer predicts the end of the war as he did in '40 and '41. He says he does not know when it will end.

He no longer "annihilates" the Russian armies. He magnifies them. They have suddenly become vast, inexhaustible, mighty.

Not that it is the Russian armies that have beaten him. Oh, no! It is the Russian Winter. That Russian Winter which he never expected to encounter or prepared to meet, for his invincible war machine would cut through the enemy like a knife through butter before the Russian winter came.

But now the end of the winter was in sight, he said. Spring was coming, and with it victories would return to the Swastika.

★ ★ ★

We shall see. What is certain is that Hitler cannot escape from the embrace of Russia. That struggle will be the centre of the stage for him in the Spring and long after the Spring.

It is not merely the invasion of Russia that he must prepare for. It is the invasion of Germany that he fears.

There is overwhelming evidence of this. The withdrawal of the bulk of the Luftwaffe

and of a section of the German army from the Russian front has two objects in view.

One is the preparation for a new advance into Russia. The other is the defence of German soil against invasion by Russia.

That possibility has become the nightmare to Hitler, and the measures that are being taken to meet it on the frontier of Germany are immense and incontrovertible.

They have no relation to the needs of the Spring offensive. They are purely defensive. And they are directed against two dangers—attack from without and disruption within.

But this fact must not lead us to underestimate the other motive. At all costs Hitler must

HITLER AS A PROPHET!

JANUARY 1, 1941

"The year 1941 will bring the completion of the greatest victory in our history."

OCTOBER 2, 1941

"To-day marks the beginning of the last decisive battle of the year. You will deal an annihilating blow."

OCTOBER 3, 1941

"In large sections of our production we have been able to stop manufacturing. The simple reason is that we know that there is no enemy left which we would not be able to overcome with the quantities of ammunition available."

NOVEMBER 9, 1941

"There is a total loss of at least eight to ten million Soviet soldiers, not counting the slightly wounded. No army can recover from such losses, not even the Russians."

JANUARY 30, 1942

"How this year will end I do not know. Whether it will bring victory I do not know."

JANUARY 30, 1942

"Now the fourth month of the winter is almost over. In this period the enemy has advanced a few kilometres at the cost of a sea of blood and lives."

JANUARY 30, 1942

"The homeland will do all it can to make the lot of its soldiers easier. I have to ask you: Work, work, work! Make weapons and make munitions, and again weapons and munitions!"

JANUARY 30, 1942

"We are faced with an enemy who may be superior in numbers, but we shall be at least equal to him in the Spring."

gamble on another offensive against Russia in the Spring.

Every consideration demands this. If he accepts defeat or even a stalemate against Russia he loses the war. His whole strategic position collapses.

His capacity to continue the war on any front without the oil of the Caucasus is imperilled.

Above all, he sacrifices all the hopes raised by the exploits of the Japanese in the Pacific. These exploits have brought visions of an Axis triumph of overwhelming consequence.

If Japan can drive through the Straits of Malacca into the Indian Ocean and Germany can drive through the Caucasus to the Persian Gulf the two Axis powers will have established contact and the issue of the war will be in the gravest doubt. For such an end Hitler will gamble all.

★ ★ ★

Nor must it be forgotten that his "all" is still mighty. He has sustained vast losses in Russia—millions of men and mountains of material.

BUT HE HAS NOT BEEN ROUTED. HIS MACHINE IS INTACT. HIS POWER OF RECOVERY IS ENORMOUS.

He commands the whole industrial power of the continent of Europe. The labour of a score of nations is at his beck and call.

The peoples hate him, but they are helpless. He can drive them into his factories and fields and even his armies.

How formidable his war potentiality still is we have reason to know. The Libyan campaign has tapped his Russian front, but even allowing for that it has given grim evidence of the vastness of his resources.

Fifty per cent. of his supplies have been sunk in the Mediterranean and still he has sufficient to hold us at bay.

★ ★ ★

What follows from this? Surely, that we must expect an offensive of undiminished weight and fury in the Spring. Where?

Of one thing we may be certain. It will have Russia for its main objective. This, for the two reasons I have indicated—the urgent

These "Hush-Hush" Local Councils

LOCAL authorities will spend no less than £521,000,000 of the ratepayers' money during this year.

It is the biggest total ever.

The position seems to call for special vigilance on the part of the paying public.

But it isn't going to be easy to be vigilant.

The ratepayer is being told bluntly to pay more and know less!

Behind Closed Doors

More and more local authorities than ever before are making their decisions behind closed doors—some without giving the public the barest hint about important decisions reached.

And more and more of them are refusing their agendas to the local Press and therefore the local public—the agenda being a warning light which often tells the ratepayer what is going to be done with his money before an irrevocable decision has been reached.

Hertford Town Council has recently given £300-a-year salary increases to two council employees.

Not only was that decision reached behind closed doors, but no official intimation of the increases was

made to the people who have to find the money.

Barnstaple Council not only holds its meetings in private but dubs as bad citizens any ratepayers who want to know what is happening.

You can find out the salaries of all the highest Civil Servants if you care to buy a copy of *Whitaker's Almanack*.

But Eastbourne is one of the many authorities which believe that appointments, salaries, promotions, dismissals, conditions of service, etc., are no business at all of the employer—who happens to be the ratepayer.

It excludes the Press. It excludes the public. But the Town Clerk (in no way responsible for this lower-grade brand of Hitlerism) may give crumbs of information to the public after all decisions have been made, if he cares.

Kingsbridge locks out Press and public from its meetings—but unanimously decides to issue minutes "as and when decided by the Chairman and Clerk."

Secret Tribunal Methods

Particularly odious was a "private and confidential" Hailsham (Sussex) Rural District Council meeting.

The council had passed certain work to be done for £180. It cost £381.

All that the Press was told after the meeting was that the engineer had "neglected his duty."

Bare statements like that can be clothed into grisly rumours grossly unfair to a council employee.

Besides, the methods savour of the Secret Tribunal.

The favourite trick of a hush-hush council, of course, is to sit as a committee, which enables it to sit in secret.

Went No Further

To frustrate such schemes Parliament was asked in 1930 to amend the law by saying that when a whole authority sat as a committee the meeting should be deemed to be a meeting of the authority.

The Bill was given a second reading. It went no farther because the Government of the day went out.

Yet to-day, with Britain fighting for freedom more and more councils are denying ratepayers that knowledge of local affairs on which their freedom of opinion is sustained.

And Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, tells a Press deputation that sees him on the subject that he can promise no amending legislation, but will confer with the authorities. We base few hopes on that. Hitlers cannot be cured by gentle pleas—even from Mr. Brown.

WHY

need of oil and the idea of linking up with Japan in the Indian Ocean.

This narrows the speculation. If oil and the Persian Gulf are the two imperative goals the Suez can be by-passed. The war in Libya will be kept going to keep our forces scattered, but the real blow will be a two-pronged thrust north and south of the Black Sea.

Hitler knows that he made a howling mistake in attacking the whole Russian front last June.

He will not make that mistake again. He will aim at containing the Leningrad and Moscow fronts and concentrate all his available resources in a smashing right and left at the Caucasus through the Ukraine and Turkey.

The fact that Turkey at the moment, seems noticeably forgotten by him goes for nothing.

Hitler is always for surprise. He strikes where he is most friendly. Remember the spring in the night at Russia last June.

* * *

IF THIS ANALYSIS IS RIGHT—IT IS ONLY A PERSONAL GUESS—THE MORAL FOR THE UNITED NATIONS IS OBVIOUS. IT IS TO REGARD THE RUSSIAN FRONT AS THE DECISIVE THEATRE OF THE WAR.

It is to see in the Battle of the Black Sea the key to victory and defeat. The time to make sure of that key is now.

Russia has astonished the world. When we recall the expectations current last June we stand in wonder and gratitude before her heroic achievement.

But we must not forget that thousands of square miles of her territory are in enemy hands. Her industrial power has been enormously reduced.

Her potentiality is vast, but it is not realised and cannot be realised before the Spring robs her of the help which the Russian winter has enabled her to turn to such splendid use.

Her real testing time will come in May. Then, if my guess is right, she will come up against an established front from Kiev to the Baltic.

The object of that front will be to contain her while the hammer of the Axis crashes on the Black Sea theatre.

No doubt Stalin, whose far-sighted genius is now so conspicuously apparent, has a much more acute understanding than anybody here can have of the dangers that lie ahead.

He knows what Hitler wants, and is not likely to be distracted from the critical front by the desire prematurely to smash in the front door to Berlin.

The time for that will come when Hitler's escape from his prison by way of the Caucasus has failed.

BUT IF IT IS TO FAIL THE UNITED NATIONS MUST USE THE NEXT THREE MONTHS TO POUR IN EVERY AVAILABLE TOOL—TANKS, AEROPLANES, GUNS—THAT CAN BE SPARED TO MAKE THE HEROIC RUSSIANS INVULNERABLE.

There is no theatre of the war where victory next Spring would be so decisive. There is no theatre of the war where defeat would be so fatal.

Now that most of the Nazi spies, propaganda agents and Fifth Columnists have been smoked out of their holes, the hidden wreckers are becoming bolder.



Dr. Goertz, imprisoned in this country for spying before the war, and then deported, is believed to have landed in Eire by parachute

THE blowing up of electric plants in South Africa is merely the first sign of the secret and urgent orders Hitler's saboteurs are receiving.

Many of these rats have dug themselves in in Eire, nearest neutral country to us.

Long ago when the Nazis began to map out their plans of conquest Eire was selected as a possible base for a direct attack on Britain.

Their agents are closely in touch with the rebellious I.R.A.—the men who are determined to deliver both their own country and Britain into Hitler's hands.

They helped to prepare the ground for Nazi parachutists, one of whom succeeded in escaping the vigilance of the authorities for more than nine months.

Now it has been revealed that more have been dropped in Eire.

Watch on I.R.A.

The possibility that the I.R.A. may be used by the Nazis to carry their activities into Britain and resume their pre-war campaign of explosions is not being overlooked.

Sellers of every possible ingredient of explosives in this country have recently been visited by the police and warned not to sell even the smallest quantities to unauthorised persons.

A close watch is being kept on all Irish workers over here.

The Nazis in South Africa have laid their plans on familiar lines.

As in Austria in 1934, they tried to recruit their followers from the police forces, and hired German-born sportsmen to organise a vast plot against the war effort of the Dominion.

They have even sent the same man to Africa who directed the terror-bombing in Vienna.

He is Theo Habicht, an expert saboteur, "Father of all Fifth Columnists."

He has made his headquarters in French North Africa, but the

Urgent Orders to The Saboteurs

By WILLI FRISCHAUER

tentacles of his sabotage ring stretch far afield.

Death to saboteurs and all those who are found in the possession of explosives is the answer of the South African Government.

As the major criminals are being rounded up the Nazis are calling on the services of their minor agents to continue a campaign of "sabotage by pin-pricks." Habicht is expert in this.

As he did in Austria eight years ago, so he plans to keep South Africa in the grip of "small terror," ordering his men to blow up telephone booths, to explode little crackers in railways and trams, in restaurants and in mail-boxes.

The constant noise, the irritation which such a campaign causes, is, according to Habicht, the ideal soil on which to prepare for major outbursts.

But the authorities of South Africa will be able to cope with nuisance terrorism, knowing, as they do, that it is meant to lead up to more violent and deadly explosions.

Different methods are necessary to deal with yet another Nazi attempt to cause trouble within the Empire.

North-West Frontier

This is a plot laid in the far-distant but vital region of the Indian North-West Frontier, where the notorious Fakir of Ipi and his wild Wazir tribes have accepted new Nazi bribes.

Nazi agents are inciting the red-bearded desert adventurer to gather the tribes and stab India in the back while the Japs are pressing on.

The Axis has co-ordinated its plans in this part of the world, and Wiedemann, now Nazi Consul in Tientsin, and Wendler, a brother-in-law of Himmler, are working hand-in-hand with Japanese agents to create turmoil on the North-West Frontier.

But Britain has a staff of expert officers and experienced troops, who, if they have handled the rebellious natives with kid gloves in peace time, will not allow them to become the tools of the Axis at this grim stage of the war.

Turn your eyes to yet another theatre of Nazi activity—the Middle East—which timely British action has wrested from the Germans just as they were striving to lay their dirty hands on Syria, Iraq and Iran.

Hoping for Come-Back

But the Nazis have not given up hope of staging a come-back in the Middle East. Apart from their preparations for a military assault they are, once more, rallying their sabotage agents and inciting them to strike at the heart of the countries in which they are hiding under various guises.

Under the direction of that old-experienced German saboteur-in-chief, Papan, who was the paymaster of German agents in America in the last war, the Nazi sabotage organisation is being supplied with explosives, with maps and charts, with secret instructions and—money.

The Arab's clothes are the best disguise which skilled Nazi saboteurs can hope to use.

Grobba, the notorious Nazi expert on the Middle East, has pointed out to them the vital railway lines which he expects them to blow sky-high at a given signal. He has selected the men, Germans and paid natives, to hit out at vital centres of communications.

We Know Him

This man who calls himself proudly the "German Lawrence of Arabia" is familiar with the weaknesses and the strength of the Middle East and his sabotage organisation is branching out into unexpected corners of the vast desert lands.

But Britain and Turkey (which has become the unwilling base for the future operations of the German sabotage gangs in the Middle East) are aware of the machinations.

Russia, too, keeps her eyes open, fully awake to the danger. Most of the leading Nazi agents have been removed from the scenes of their activities and, if they are still alive, have reached prison camps in Siberia by now.

A few Japanese "diplomats" and "consuls" remain. To them falls the task of supervising the Axis gangsters, of bringing them what supplies in explosives they can in their diplomatic bags, of handing them their pay-cheques and furnishing them with the capital needed to carry on their preparations.

Under Supervision

But these diplomats—with headquarters in Teheran—are already under supervision, and it may not be long before they, too, will be sent packing.

There is thus no danger that these isolated Nazi sabotage attempts can bring great advantages to Germany.

Britain has learned how to combat the most insidious Nazi tricks.

During the last war German agents swarmed across the United States, intriguing, spying, sabotaging.

To-day, America has dealt with Hitler's gangs, and, like Britain, has separated the black sheep from the loyal, anti-Nazi German population, and has put them safely away behind barbed wires.

The last efforts of the Nazi rats find the Empire and her Allies on the alert.

The efforts will be defeated—and the rats will be cleared out!

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE!

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

WE MUST STOP THE FORM MANIACS

B RITAIN'S Enemy No. 2 doesn't live in Germany, or in any of Hitler's toady countries. He lives in Britain.

We call him the Bureaucrat. He is a strangler. And his weapon is Red Tape.

Our Russian Trade Union colleagues who have just done a round of Britain's war industries reported evidences of his work.

There are munition firms that have all-too-rare and highly important machine tools lying unused for days at a time.

Other firms, not so far away, want the loan of them for a time.

When the requisite forms have been filled in, and a host of "Passed to you for attention" memos, have travelled from one Government office to another, production has been seriously impaired.

I have before me a letter from a young would-be munition maker.

"You can see his type by the letter. He would work himself to exhaustion to help his country."

Killing Time

Fate (or bureaucracy) sent him to the projectile branch of a big munition factory where no work has been done for months.

He spends the night there for the so-called night-shift—but there's no real shift.

"We play cards or other games, or stay shivering until the time comes to go home."

Then, at 5, 6 or 7 a.m., they are turned out into the streets, whether there is traffic to take them home or not.

Twelve weeks ago the men protested to the firm—but things are just as bad.

The management of this firm has changed hands four times in two years. This in war time!

The Ministry of Labour has one of the hungriest appetites for forms. It doesn't seem to help them to supply a continuous stream of labour to the war factories.

Time and again I hear of would-be munition workers who have to wait months for a job because the "Passed to you for attention" memos, have to go the rounds.

Some are beginning to believe they will never hear.

"We Don't Want You"

A Scots girl was sent to a big munition factory in an English industrial town.

"A mistake," they said. "We're not wanting anybody."

They sent her to other factories before she got a conditional offer of a job.

Can you wonder that the superintendent of one of our big arsenals told a JOHN BULL man: "When I want young women I go round buying cups of tea

I don't want and tempt the waitresses to come round to my place."

Bureaucracy, with its multitudinous forms, means delay.

And our Russian friends have just ordered that an official who delayed a military train for five hours shall serve a year in jail for every hour the train lost.

The Perfect Patriot!

We hear from men and women who have been sent to do jobs they thought would be war jobs in various parts of the country.

Months elapse. They aren't called on to do a stroke for their country. They apply for transfers.

Says Bureaucracy, growlingly: "You stay where you are sent. You can't impair the war effort."

For, to Red Tape addicts, the man who, having signed every bit of paper put before him, is content to go on doing nothing is the perfect patriot.

Captain Duncan, M.P., told the House of Commons recently: "Some Departments have not a single woman chauffeur."

Yet most of the men employed as chauffeurs by Government Departments have excellent engineering experience.

Why is it? Because fussy bureaucrats keep themselves so busy giving orders to other people that they've no time to obey them themselves.

There were five meal mills in the Spey Valley, all busy and prosperous.

Local farmers sent their oats to the mills, which turned out a finished article for local human consumption and a by-product for poultry food.

To-day, the local farmers are told by countless firms that they must send their oats to far-distant mills, usually

VICTORY CLUB RUBBISH

A PARTICULARLY impudent form of the chain-letter "snowball" ramp is circulating in the guise of "The Victory Club."

People in various parts of the country are receiving a letter either typescript or hand-written with five names and addresses at the top.

Then follows this blatant humbug: Please read carefully and return within three days.

Make out five copies of this letter leaving off the top name and address to which send two 6d. Saving Stamps for the Victory Campaign.

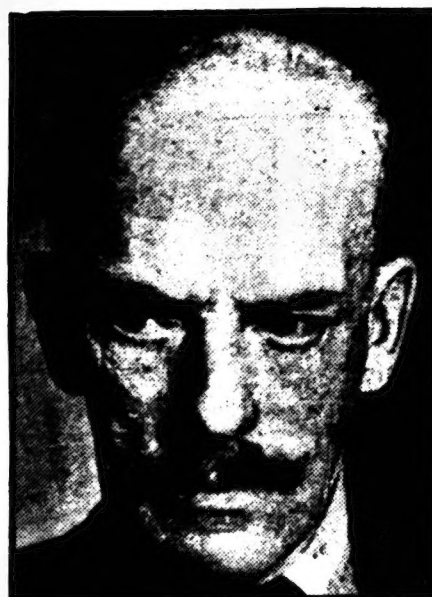
Add your name and address to the bottom of the list.

When your name reaches the top of the list there will be 3,150 letters in distribution, and you should receive £150 5s. in National Savings stamps. This will help the country to victory.

If all members follow these instructions carefully, you should receive the amount in 18 days.

Is this worth 1s. to you?

The answer's easy: it isn't worth two hoots—or even more of your time than is needed to tear up the letter and put it in the salvage bin.



Sir Wyndham says: "You can help to end this crazy bureaucracy"

in England. Then it comes back for local distribution.

Waste of petrol, transport, premises, effort, labour—and human patience!

Blackpool farmers have to send their milk to a depot so far away that much of it comes back sour, and unfit for human consumption.

And here's a story told by the *National Association Review*.

A northern firm of millers applied to the Ministry of Supply for a licence for building materials for a vital and urgent extension of premises.

Eight months went by. You can imagine what a snowstorm of forms must have accumulated by then.

Very Helpful!

At last a letter arrived. The envelope contained two messages.

Both came from the same room of the same office. Both were written on the same day. Both bore the same reference numbers.

One said "No!"; the other "Yes!"

And the number of cases of North of England food being sent to the South for sale, while South of England food is on the way to the North, are many.

These are instances—but much of the evil that bureaucracy does cannot be illustrated by examples.

Farmers, tired out by continual requests to fill in this and fill in that, begin to wonder whether we want food or forms fodder.

Business men, finding it impossible to have ineptitude forced on them, give up their drive.

War workers in hundreds of thousands, seeing what is wrong with production, but unable to get anything done about it, find their enthusiasm burning out.

No wonder you get condemnation from such people as Colonel Hirst, President of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce, who speaks of the "common occurrence of firms getting contradictory instructions from two or more Government Departments."

And no wonder Sir Patrick Dollan, ex-Provost of Glasgow, says he prefers to remain outside a paid Government post—so that he can speak his mind about a gutting of the machine of State with unnecessary personnel.

We don't get this inefficiency in Russia. And we shouldn't get it here.

With your help, we are going to continue to fight it.

Write and tell me of every case of bungling and inefficiency in your factory, workshop, or office. I will see it reaches the right quarter.

Public Enemy No. 2 must be scotched.

Star Chamber for French Scapegoats

AFTER eighteen months of investigations, judicial and political manoeuvres, appointment and dismissal of reluctant prosecutors and judges, the French "war guilt" trials will at last be staged in Riom next week.

If ever the word "fake" was appropriate, it is in this case.

Pétain last October declared "guilty" all the accused men—who include the former premiers Edouard Daladier and Leon Blum, and the ex-Generalissimo Gamelin—and sentenced them to incarceration in a fortress without time limit.

Then why on earth did he bother about a trial at all?

Because he got into a mess with both the specially appointed judges of the High Court and the Nazis.

The judges said that this fantastic procedure made them look fools.

And the Nazis said it was a breach of a solemn promise made soon after the Armistice.

What Hitler Wanted

Hitler wanted a formal verdict by a French Supreme Court declaring that France had embarked on an unnecessary war at the demand of British, Masonic, and Jewish warmongers.

What a marvellous alibi for him in the eyes of his own people if German propaganda were able to say: "Even the Frenchmen must confirm through their highest court of justice that I am innocent of the war!"

But, meanwhile, French public opinion had become fully aware of the true purpose of the trials.

So Darian, a specialist in "smart tricks," decided to compromise by limiting the proceedings to the charges relating to the bad military preparedness in 1939-40.

But this didn't suit the Nazis at all.

Whether the General Staff under Gamelin was incompetent—or merely carried on, as is likely to be proved, on the lines approved by Pétain, Weygand, and Darian himself—might interest the French and the British, but hardly the Germans.

On the contrary, the more it were demonstrated that the French army was inadequately prepared or commanded, the smaller would be the merit of the German's lightning victory of June, 1940.

Hush-Hush Rumours

Which poses the question: How long will the trials be held in open court?

Already there are reports from Vichy indicating that the trials will at an early stage turn into proceedings in camera.

I bet they will!

After a few hours the puppet judges will realise that they are no match for men like Blum and Daladier.

Leon Blum, it is known, will claim that the armaments programme initiated by his Government was ahead of schedule when war broke out. He declares that mistakes of the High Command, fifth-column activities and deliberate high treason caused the French defeat.

So the judges will soon seek a pretext for stopping the public hearing of the cases and for carrying on behind closed doors.

The High Court at Riom will thus become a Star Chamber.

And whatever its verdict may be, the accused men will be regarded by all decent people in the world—and especially in France itself—not merely as scapegoats, but as martyrs.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. Agnes Owen, The Gown Shop, Winton, Eccles, receives this week's £1 1s. She provided me with some useful information. Write to me about any subject needing advice or inquiry. Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

The Luck of Sergeant Schall

HERE is a story about luck. It is, rather, a sequel to a story. The exploits of four men who escaped from Devil's Island made one small paragraph in a Sunday paper six or seven years ago.

There was a murderer named Volta, a terrible man, who claimed to have a cat-like power of finding his way. It was impossible for Volta to be lost. He had a sense of orientation so remarkably developed that those who knew him feared it as something devilish and uncanny.

Volta had been sent to Devil's Island for life, after a series of crimes of violence. The Paris police knew that he had killed at least three men, but they lacked sufficient evidence to send him to the guillotine.

Nevertheless, Volta went to worse than death. That awful penal settlement some distance away from the edge of

the great, rotting, silent jungle, bounded by swamps alive with man-eating leeches, and washed by a hot, sullen, shark-ridden sea, is something very like hell.

Volta lived there for eight years, and then, after unbelievable exertions, he and three other damned souls got away.

It is not known how they survived, but they did. They found a boat. There seemed to be no doubt that luck was with them. Volta was the leader. He promised to guide them to a safe place on the mainland. He was the cat, who always knew his way about.

Then there followed a period of hell upon the high seas. All day long a blinding sun beat down upon the men in the open boat. Their water ran out.

They had no food. One of them went mad out of sheer suffering.

They were all dying of thirst, but Volta always said, even when his mouth was so dry that it gave out nothing but a cracked whisper: "Bear up. Luck is with us. If we can live through another day we shall sight land."

Forty-eight hours passed and then they saw, through the heat-waves of another savage dawn, the coast of Trinidad. They found strength enough to row in, and then they all collapsed. An English planter found them, and fed them and gave them water. Then he said:

Schall looked down and saw four men almost dead of thirst, too weak to move, staring up



WOMEN ARE GETTING HERE, TOO

IN the W.A.A.F. are two young sisters who escaped from the Nazis in Paris and walked nearly 1,000 miles across France, Spain and Portugal on their way to England!

Amazing as was their feat, it is typical of many performed by members of the women's foreign legions here.

Helene and Jacqueline—aged nineteen and twenty-one—had lived all their lives in France. But when the Germans arrived the two girls scraped together a little money and food and took train for the South.

The train was full of German soldiers. At nearly every stop patrols came aboard, demanding papers and travel permits. The two girls had to drop off and take to the roads.

Often they had to dive into muddy ditches, as Nazi sentries or patrols were spotted.

At the demarcation line between Occupied and Unoccupied France, they managed to bluff their way across, and reached Marseilles.

Here they waited weeks—but in vain. There were no ships for England.

So they set out westward on foot, and weeks later they arrived in Portugal, having walked nearly 1,000 miles.

The British authorities in Lisbon sent them on to London, and the first day after their arrival they joined the W.A.A.F.

Other Free Frenchwomen in London are in their own A.T.S. unit, the Corps Feminin.

In their hostel you will find Yvette —, who escaped at the last moment from

Brest, hidden under a Legionnaire's cape. . .

Jeanne —, mother of two children still in France, who disguised herself as a French sailor before she could make the trip. . .

Three Breton fishing girls, who came across in a fishing smack. . .

And what of the Norwegian women? Since their country was occupied, many scores of them have made the terrible journey in small boats across the North Sea.

They are serving in the Free Norwegian women's own organisation—the "Lottes."

The A.T.S. has two "Allied Platoons," as mixed and democratic as any.

In one of them the former chief dietitian of a German hospital now cooks for the local A.T.S. officers' mess, and the two Austrian N.C.O.s, close friends, are a baron's daughter and the fiancée of a Free French *poilu*.

Many of these women are not in uniform, but they are playing just as important a part in the cause of Freedom. In our great war factories are women from more than forty countries—including Germany and Italy.

Recently the Queen stopped to talk to a girl at one of the big industrial training centres. The girl told the Queen that she had been an accountant in Germany when war broke out, and that since then she had escaped across many closely guarded frontiers.

"I escaped to get away from the Nazis, your Majesty," she said. "Now I am happy to be learning to make arms to beat them."

STRANGER THAN FICTION . . . By WALDO KELLEN

"I know who you are. You're escaped convicts. Well, it's no concern of mine, and if you can get away with it, good luck to you. But I can't have you here, so I'll tell you what I'll do. Get your boat repaired, and I will give you clothes, food, water and tobacco, and then push off and try to get to the South American mainland."

They gratefully accepted his offer, and, three days later, took to sea again, infinitely refreshed and full of hope.

Volta said again: "I told you that luck was with us. Luck is a strange thing. In my way, all my life I have, somehow, been followed by good luck. Even when I have not been exactly lucky myself, good fortune has always fallen upon people near me. Now I will take you to South America, and there we shall be free men."

And so they travelled over the sultry sea until they seemed to be quite lost in a limitless wilderness of heaving water under an infinite sky.

But Volta swore to them that he couldn't lose his way; that he was following the ocean current towards the mainland, with the unerring instinct of an animal going home.

"I am the cat," he said, "and I bring good luck."

The men waited. The boat followed the current. Water was running low again, and there was no sign of land.

NOW on Devil's Island there was a sergeant who was notorious for his savage brutality and for the perverted pleasure he seemed to find in the sufferings of the convicts in his charge.

He was a foul-mouthed boaster, proud of his innumerable feats of calculated cruelty, of his great physical strength, and his ruthlessness. He also boasted that he, above all things, was a lucky man.

He had been degraded from some post in the Civil Service, years before, but that was lucky for him, because he had gone to the Belgian Congo, where he had played a part in the atrocities under Leopold.

He had been dismissed with ignominy, but that, too, was lucky for him, because he had made some kind of vile success as a hireling of the secret police.

And so he found himself in a position of almost god-like power in this penultimate resting-place on the hopeless Devil's Island.

His name was Sergeant Schall, and he hated Volta with a great and bitter hatred. When it was discovered that Volta and his three associates had got away, Schall's rage was savage and awful.

He punished his subordinates pitilessly for having permitted Volta to slip out. He raged for a week, a menace to any man, woman or child that crossed his path.

LATER, he became calm again, and, when drunk either with brandy or self-esteem, he would say:

"I am Schall. The devil looks after me. I have the devil's own luck. Those men may have got away for the moment, but one day I will get them. By heaven, I will get them. Something seems to tell me."

"I'm the sort of man who, if he drops a sou, picks up a franc. My luck will hold, you'll see."

But a fortnight passed; three weeks; a month. It was assumed that the escaped convicts were dead.

The odds against any man who tries to break free from Devil's Island are stupendous. How is it possible for any

human being to survive the swamps, the jungle, and the sea?

"Mark my words," said Schall, "they got what was coming to them. The sharks have filled their bellies with them; or the mosquitoes or the alligators. No man ever plays tricks with me and gets away with it."

SIX weeks. The fugitives were almost forgotten. But one night, very late, a guard roused Sergeant Schall as he lay heavily asleep in his bunk, and said:

"Sergeant, I think there is some funny business going on. I think there is some kind of escape in the course of being organised. There seems to be a boat hanging around about two miles out, over there. I heard a rumour that Vernon had organised something; he has rich pals—perhaps they have been fixing something."

"We'll see about that," said Schall, and took down a rifle. He, with five armed guards, got into a fast motor-launch and rode out to the little shadowy boat which was bobbing on the starlit sea.

When he was within hailing distance, Schall turned on a powerful spotlight, and roared, "Stop! Or I blow you to hell out of the water!"

There was no answer. The launch ran alongside. By the light of an electric torch Schall looked down and saw four men almost dead of thirst, too weak to move, staring up at him.

The four men were the fugitives. The ocean current had brought them back. "Of all the luck," said Volta, with dreadful resignation.

"Of all the luck," said Schall, with dreadful exultation.

Human Machine

NO BETTER TIME

● There's an old and well-known proverb which says: "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

Long ago some misguided humorist suggested that "Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow" was a better version.

How profoundly wrong he was, he probably never knew.

Mostly this desire to put things off arises not from laziness, but from a not unnatural desire to avoid tackling unpleasantnesses.

Nobody wants to put off pleasant things.

It is the irritating, the difficult, the puzzling, the positively unpleasant things that we all tend to defer.

Yet these are just the things that we should on no account put off.

There is no better time than the present for tackling things that we don't like, things that we may even dread.

As long as they remain undone, they are going to be bogies—and bogies that aren't very promptly dealt with have an uncanny habit of growing and growing until they become genuine monsters.

Tackled at once, and firmly, they're like nettles—they can sting, but they don't!

Solve your thorny problems first, and then go on to the smoother ones. It may be hard at first, but the habit will grow on you as you persevere.

Learn to become a confirmed nettle-grasper. You'll feel a better and a freer person than you have ever done before.

ALL THE ANSWERS

DO M.P.s TALK TOO MUCH?

● In the three-days' War Debate approximately 114,000 words were spoken.

The Prime Minister, Sir John Wardlaw-Milne, Emanuel Shinwell and Philip Noel-Baker made the four most important speeches—direct and to the point.

But many M.P.s rambled on and wasted valuable time.

Few of the back-benchers have learned the rule, "Stand up, speak up and shut up."

This is an essential part of success in the Commons, where compactness of style is all-important to a Minister having to introduce a long and contentious Bill.

"Oratory" nowadays, is almost dead. Parliament, in theory, is run on business lines.

CAN'T WE SPEED UP THE WAR?

● Nearly everyone, whether in a shop, factory, the Services, or any of the Ministries, can point to some inefficiency or waste of time and effort.

Nearly every department of our war effort could be speeded up.

Well one of the objects of the big War Debate was to impress on the Premier the need for appointing Ministers who would get on with the job. The drive must come from him.

In war time, more than at any other, speed depends upon the power of a Minister to instil in all his subordinates the urgent need of saving time.

Although the public seem powerless in the matter, the truth is that public opinion, if expressed with sufficient vehemence, can do a great deal.

Send in every complaint to your M.P. Make him kick up a row.

WHY DON'T THEY USE THE LAND GIRLS?

● Thousands of trained land girls are waiting to go on farms. Farmers are being urged to take them.

But why are they only being urged?

There is, in the minds of many farmers, a prejudice against female labour.

They prefer to go on in the old way. And this at a time when it is treason not to produce in this country as much food as possible.

If the parents of all the girls waiting for jobs wrote to Mr. R. L. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, at the House of Commons, he would wake up to the matter.

IS EQUALITY OF SACRIFICE IMPOSSIBLE?

● On one page of a newspaper I read that more doctors are to be called up to serve in the R.A.M.C., starting at 11s. a day, and on another page how boys are earning £9 a week in factories, or even more!

Actually, I believe the average wage of youths and boys under 21 is about 42s., compared with 26s. pre-war.

Still, the only remedy for the crazy anomalies that do exist was the old All-In Bill, passed in May, 1940, and then, for mysterious reasons, dropped.

Most of the things that have gone wrong since date back to the Government's failure to use the Act.

HANNEN SWAFFER

Christianity Means More than

DURING a long and tedious railway journey the other day I fell into conversation with a commercial man who complained of increasing "sales resistance."

"The moment people think you want to sell something," he said, "you see a cold glint in their eyes. You know they have hardened their hearts against you. The salesman has to break down that resistance first of all; otherwise he is wasting his time."

I imagine that something akin to this "sales resistance" will explain a problem sent to me by the secretary of a small craft trades union:

After holding meetings at the works gates for five days running (he writes) I secured fifty-six members. I was able to obtain recognition from the firm within a short time, and the result was an increase in wages varying from 4s. to 8s. a week. The union contribution was only 6d. a week.

And yet, after enjoying the advantage of better wages I had secured for them, they began to cease paying contributions. In five weeks' time we had not a solitary member left!

Why is it, Humanist, that men are not loyal to their promises? You will find that it is not confined to one or two firms. It is a very common experience to those of us who have the unenviable task of collecting money.

I think the explanation is that human beings have a deep-rooted objection to parting with money until they are obliged. I don't think it is selfishness; still less is it avarice. It is the counterpart of this sales resistance about which my commercial acquaintance spoke so vigorously.

The obvious remedy is to collect (or deduct) at source.

JOHAN BULL has shown you how countless acts of stupidity delay aeroplane production in this country.

There is no such nonsense in the training of our pilots in Canada and America.

Read what happens in the U.S. Army Air Corps Training Detachment at Albany, Georgia, where large numbers of British boys are learning to fly. The description has been sent to Mrs. B. Mathiesin, of Kingscote, E. Bergholt, near Colchester, by her son Andie, a budding war-pilot:

So considerably has the course been speeded up that knowledge has to be crammed down. Yet we absorb it all. Instructors and lads alike are so keen.

Rain stopped flying yesterday, turning the field into a lake. But we weren't beaten for long. We took off and landed on a near-by tarmac road.

We go to the town shooting range to improve our marksmanship in our own not considerable spare time. Although left-handed, I can shoot the targets down as fast as they are put up—and even the people of Georgia ask me how I learned to shoot!

I'm due to start aerobatics. We climbed this morning to 3,000 ft. over a carpet of fluffiness you felt you could jump out on for a walk. Then we dived smack through to 500 ft. to pull up steeply.

"Now you know what it feels like to be a dive-bomber," laughed our instructor.

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Every week Humanist tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

By HUMANIST

THE next letter comes from a woman reader:

Forgive me for writing you in this strain (*she begins apologetically*), but I know you are sincere and will help me if you can. I want to know why it is that relatives and friends shirk their responsibilities in times of sickness and distress.

An old lady I know is dying. She has been ill for months. Relatives have visited her, but they never lift a hand to do a thing for her. She has spent most of her life doing good work for a certain religious body, but none of her fellow-members come to help her.

They "visit" her and pray with her, but there is no offer of practical assistance. The only help she has had has come from another lady and myself who are not regular church-goers.

But don't you think, Humanist, that there should be a society of helpers sent out by religious bodies of all denominations to make this life a little happier for those who need it? Wouldn't you call that real Christianity?

Certainly. The visiting of the sick is a good work, but some practical assistance is even better. During the present time there is particular need for people who will help with shopping. Invalids cannot go to the shops or stand in queues, and now that shopkeepers are unable to deliver goods the distress of invalids and semi-invalids is acute.



There is more true Christianity in helping people than in merely praying for them

Readers of George Eliot's stories will remember how Adam Bede used to poke fun at his brother Seth—the "Methody," he called him—and how he once declared that there was more religion in taking off one's coat to work than in attending a prayer meeting.

ANOTHER letter comes from a married woman, and as I have received several others about the same subject, I imagine it is a common problem:

Don't you think a man should lead a

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

We heard Winnie's broadcast. Oh, it was great! The lads cabled him congratulations in Washington. How we hope he sends us a reply. You'd be staggered how the Americans admire him.

They do treat us well. Recent presents to us include two live pigs from a farmer for our table! But how we long to get on with the job of fighting Hitler and getting it finished with!

NOW, MR. BEVIN!

We won't give you the name of the writer of the next letter. He is "a relative" of Mr. A. Hague, of Neepsend Lane, Sheffield, to whom he writes:

Industry wants skilled men. Why doesn't Mr. Bevin go prying round the Ordnance depots?

If he were to come to our camp, he would find skilled fitters, turners, wireless operators, blacksmiths, forgers, drivers, and many other kinds of "tradesmen," doing navvying, concreting, and even domestic jobs.

LYING IN STATE

Notes on Malaya from an airman recently arrived there will interest wives and parents of men who are on the way to the Pacific zone. Aircraftman J. W. Roy tells his parents at Shottskirk Road, Shotts, Lanark:

The country here used to be regarded as a White Man's Grave, but it isn't now. The temperature hardly ever exceeds 93 deg., and it seems splendidly cool when the sun goes down.

We live in bungalows with thatched roofs and designed for maximum air-

ness, but have to sleep under mosquito nets—a business which we call "lying in state."

What with bananas and coconut trees, rubber plantations, quaint Malay villages, jungles and mountains, it's all very new and very interesting to us.

LOST WALLET

Out in the much-fought-over Libyan desert, L/Cpl. Jenkins (404,726) lost his wallet. Worst feature, he said in a letter home, was that it contained the photographs of his wife and baby.

But soon came this letter to his wife at 88, Thomas Street, Merthyr Tydfil, South Wales:

What do you think, dear? I've found the wallet and everything in it. Some of our fellows were out on a trip and they came across it.

It lay out on the desert through seven hectic weeks!

THE PERPLEXING EAST

Life is still almost normal at Singapore—but even the normal would seem strange to you.

So says a letter to Mrs. Margaret Hodgkinson, of 106, London Road, Derby, from her husband in the R.A.F.:

Saw a Chinese funeral. It might have been a Derby Day celebration. Twenty highly ornamental lorries, each bearing a different band, with tom-toms drumming and cymbals predominating.

There are dragon designs everywhere to frighten the evil spirits away, but the coffin is actually empty. The dead has been smuggled out of a back door to trick the spirits!

Praying

with the housework occasionally? (asks). A great many wives are doing during the daytime, and it is unfair that they should have all the chores to do in the evenings when they are free.

There are certain kinds of work that men ought to do, such as chopping wood, filling coal-scuttles, washing up, even giving a hand with the cooking. My own husband won't do a thing unless I am ill. He says that domestic work is not a man's job.

When we were first married he expected me to clean his boots, but I refused outright. Do you blame me? I wish you would write about the subject on your page. I am certain many other wives will thank you.

The writer is assuming that I shall live with her. As a matter of fact, I am within limits. In normal times a wage-earning wife can have a daily help, but that is impossible to-day. The additional burdens should be shared by both partners.

The majority of women object to mending a man's boots, just as the majority of men object to solitary ram-pushing. There is something instinctive in this dislike. It must have a deep symbolic meaning for them.

But I can see no reason why a man should not assist in such matters as cutting firewood and getting in the coal. There is nothing unmanly or undignified in being useful in the house.

When there are young children the father should give a little of his spare time to them.

If he is normal he will enjoy doing so and will not wait to be asked. The man who takes no interest in his own spring must be a most unnatural sort of fellow.

Money is placed on the coffin to buy the soul an easy passage, and when the relatives visit the grave next day it is gone! And the relatives feel sure it has been accepted by the gods!

★ ★ ★ WHEN MOTHERS MEET

Serjt. Parker, R.A.F., writes from a desert aerodrome in the Middle East to his mother at St. Peter's Road, Southall, Middlesex:

My pilot tells me he has had a letter from his mother at home. Apparently mother has been to see you. A wonderful idea! I hope you are going to get well together!

On 48 hours' leave I met the sheiks! They are dirty, unshaven, skinny scraps of men, quite content to sell razor blades!

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

NINEPENCE a week official allowance for an Army depot cat, is a week for a soldier's fourth or subsequent child, seems to need some explanation.—M. R. H., Chapel Street, Stafford, Staffs.

Saw a Home Guard inside a telephone booth, and his rifle propped up outside.—H. Horsfall, Lancs. (We saw fifteen girls in an L.M.S. station waiting-room; smokers were round bookstall.—Editor.)

Let Mr. Edkins, of Tottenham, refused to pay time for the allotment he has had since the last war, write to any garden society or association, and I see no reason why he shouldn't have his wishes met.—Arthur E. Andrews, hon. general secretary, Canterbury Allotment Holders' Association.

★ HAROLD A. ALBERT winds up his saga of the submarines with some of the more exciting exploits of Lieut.-Commander "Mac" Wanklyn, slim fair-haired Scot, that will rekindle your pride in the Navy

"WHEN the E.14 sank the 'Gul Djemal,' the boys bagged £30,000 in blood money!" "Yes, and when the E.19 torped the cruiser 'Undine,' the crew split £1,400."

"After the war, I'm going to buy a steam yacht," dreamily says the "four-badge-damn-all," who used to be a country postman. "I'll enamel it white from mast to keel and employ ex-officers to keep it ship-shape!"

The Upholder skims home from yet another successful patrol, and it's small wonder if her seamen sometimes tot up the Bounty money. As the submarine steers alongside her depot ship, the Jolly Roger springs to the sunlight... a sight to gladden the hearts of the Trade.

Eighteen white symbols are stitched to the duster—indicating eighteen major victims, such as destroyers, troop transports and U-boats—and still no "bars" are tabbed for such smaller enemy fry as schooners and caiques.

Nine years ago Lieut.-Commander Mac Wanklyn was serving aboard the Dolphin as a "learner." Then he gained further experience in the Shark, Sea-lion, and the secret H ships, 31 and 32.

To-day, commanding the Upholder, this slim, fair-haired Scot has won supremacy as the war's greatest under-sea ace.

"Deaf" and "Blind"

He it was who, in the dusk of a May-time eve, sighted a south-bound enemy troop convoy off the Sicilian coastline, counted the numerous destroyers—and faced an amazing dilemma.

The Upholder's listening gear was out of action. Deafened, she had been dribbling along for hours, trusting to her periscope "eyes" to draw the sights on a victim.

Now, when a bird of the first order arrived at last, the failing light cheated periscope observation. At the same time, a surface attack would have been hopeless in face of the massed destroyers' gunnery.

"Mac" decided to take the one desperate midway chance—and press home an attack at short range.

Stealing into the midst of the convoy in the gathering gloom, he could no longer see the low, slinky hulls of the escorts.

Every instant, every man on the Upholder was well aware, one of the destroyers might ram them to fragments. Every second might bring warning of their approach to the enemy hydrophones.

"Prepare to fire!"

Then, just as "Mac" was judging the hazy shadows on his screen and taking

"Mac" knows only one rule—to get in the right position to attack



How an Under-Sea Ace Won the V.C.

a bead on the largest troopship, the entire view blacked out.

Staring at blackness, "Mac" suddenly realised he was looking straight at the prow of an oncoming destroyer!

They dodged within a hair's breadth of being rammed. Yet, still unflinching, Wanklyn rose again from the depths and fired his torpedoes.

In the ensuing twenty minutes, thirty-seven separate packets of H.E. ate into the ocean around the submarine. Without his "ears," "Mac" could tell his opponents' position only by the explosions.

Yet, as the records affirm, "With the greatest courage, coolness and skill, he manoeuvred Upholder until she was clear of the enemy, and brought her safe back to harbour."

"Mac" won the V.C. for his valour and leadership. "It'll be only a curtain-raiser," said one of his men, and he was right!

In the next few weeks "Mac" sank two 19,500-ton transports, his first U-boat, his second tanker, and his fourth supply ship, and torpedoed two cruisers and two destroyers.

Once, although this is unofficial, he actually stole into an enemy harbour for a close view of a barge and two schooners moored to the jetty. A pair of tin fish exploding between them would sink all three, he judged.

The result made him gasp. The ships were apparently packed with chemical supplies, and vessels and jetty disintegrated into a typhoon of snowy-white dust.

Another time he raised periscope to starboard of a major slice of the remaining Etylle navy—a pair of 8-in. cruisers screened by four alert destroyers.

"Mac" launched two torpedoes, and watched the magazine of the leading battleship roar skyward in flame before he swirled to the depths.

Exit a Cruiser!

Then came one of the most eventful trips in all Trade annals—a thrill-crammed midsummer patrol in the Aegean.

The Upholder had scarcely reached her hunting-ground when Wanklyn spotted a cavalcade lit by the dawn—two troopships urged by an impatient destroyer and an escort plane.

"Looks like the City of Tripoli—4,000-tonner!"

The sea was dead flat and the aircraft suspicious, but "Mac" let her have it.

Two days later a caïque carrying 30

Nazi technicians between the Greek islands enhanced their score. Then, that same afternoon, another troop-laden caïque and a swastika-flagged schooner.

The next night, after sinking yet another caïque, the Upholder was lying on the surface recharging her batteries when an auxiliary schooner and three Nazi-packed caïques came her way in brilliant moonlight.

Pierced with an early shell, the schooner—a 300-tonner—shot up a ripple of flames. The first caïque flared as "Mac's" guns took it in turn, the second escaped, and, to make sure, the Upholder went alongside the third.

Much Too Slow

Looking slyly down from the ship's deck on to the submarine, one of the Huns tried to pull the pin of a hand-grenade.

He was shot dead in that instant.

A second Nazi who tried to pull a revolver toppled over with a bullet through his brain.

Not until the caïque had been destroyed with an H.E. charge did "Mac" lock the conning-tower hatch and bundle his captured swastika flags into a locker.

He still had another torpedo, and he desperately wanted to use it. And the boys had scarcely had breakfast when an Italian tanker came their way.

"This completed our patrol," "Mac" recorded, dryly, "and we then made for our base."

—WAITING—

THERE'S so many ways of Waiting, and most of us try them all. Some wait with bleak-edged patience, or are by self-pity stunned, or they burn up the mocking moments with things which their hearts have shunned. And some take the path of Duty, which Honour and Faith have trod, and they set the compass of their Life by the Great Star of God.

THERE'S so many ways of Waiting, though we work with hand and brain, though we toil until our bodies ache beneath the swift-gathering strain. And though we feel that waiting is a task that's never done, in one of these Hours of WAITING will come the NEWS THAT THE WAR IS WON. I. M.

Do people talk like this about YOU?



Do they say you are a grand person, BUT . . . ? If they do, remember bad breath shames you without warning. So take good care your friends can't accuse you of bad breath. For . . .

TESTS SHOW THAT 76% OF ALL ADULTS HAVE BAD BREATH. THAT'S WHY IT PAYS TO USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

"You see, Colgate's active penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps clean out decaying food particles and stop odour-breeding deposits that cause much bad breath."

See for yourself how Colgate's brightens teeth, gives you a more sparkling, a more attractive, smile! Enjoy its flavour. Such a pleasant way to combat bad breath.



THE LARGEST TUBE AT THE PRICE

3 sizes, 7½d., 1/1, 1/10½d. Including Tax



We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.

Made only by

The BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER Co. Ltd. HUCKNEY WICK . . . LONDON, E.9.

Read This If You Love Your Child

Many mothers actually risk their children's health without realising it—by giving them harsh laxatives to take.

What you should do instead, is give the marvellous "natural" laxative 'California Syrup of Figs.' Child specialists advise it whenever children are out of sorts.

For 'California Syrup of Figs' actually contains the juices of sun-ripened figs. Children love it. And what it does is beyond belief. That pale, sickly look vanishes. Energy and life return and your child is well and rosy cheeked again.

Insist on 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere. Get some to-day.



CVS-173

THE LAST LAUGH

FARMER (Sutton).—"As he looked down and out, I gave him a meal, but when I told him that I hadn't a job to offer him, he gave me a shock." Did he thank you cheerfully?

F. M. C. (Lancing).—"The Brains Trust recently dealt with a question about animals having a sense of humour." Many listeners have expressed disappointment that no attempt was made to explain what so amuses the hyena.

STUDENT (Liverpool).—"A scientist has discovered a drug which immediately makes an intoxicated mouse sober again." Does he divulge how he found enough of the wherewithal to make the mouse intoxicated in the first place?

W. B. (Haywards Heath).—"There is no coal in Milan for domestic heating." It is said that many Italians defy the ban on foreign broadcasting and gain what comfort they can by listening to President Roosevelt's fireside chats.

T. Y. (Chelsea).—"A barrage balloon from London recently appeared over a Spanish town." Hurried arrangements by local Fascists to present an address of welcome were cancelled when it came down low enough to show that it was not Goering after all.

J. R. (Rickmansworth).—"I am a doctor's wife and have kept my husband's love-letters written when he was a young medico over fifty years ago." Haven't you been able to decipher them yet?

E. K. (Ockendon).—"I put all I knew into the speech." Your hearers were probably agreeably surprised by its brevity.

H. F. (Sittingbourne).—"He made a fortune from manufacturing cheap footwear. I wish I were in his shoes." Perhaps you are.

D. G. (Clapham).—"Great amusement was caused when the lights failed at a London dinner." Except, we understand, in the case of one guest who threw his head back to laugh and finished with a paroxysm of coughing because the lady next to him popped her asparagus into his mouth by mistake.

S. U. (Earls Colne).—"Many years ago when I was employed at a country inn burglars forced the back door, removed all the bottles from the bar and also stole a keg of beer." Lock, stock and barrel.

GREATEST OF THESE

● Partially blind through service in the last war, Albert Dodds has never had a regular job for the past fifteen years.

He volunteered in 1939, went to France with the Pioneer Corps, but was discharged physically unfit in 1940. Ever since, he has been suffering from an old leg injury and chronic bronchitis.

There are five children under fifteen to support. The eldest daughter has just started work, and is able to contribute 8s. 2d. weekly towards the family budget.

The father, in his anxiety to pay off back rent and avoid eviction, has just signed off the panel and is endeavouring to obtain light work. Two of the children are always ailing, and their mother's struggle to obtain sufficient food for them is heartbreaking.

The bitterness of their poverty can, to some extent, be relieved by our generous readers sending donations earmarked "Volunteered," or for our General Fund, addressed to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. A copy of the current week's subscription list will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."



OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"This unworthy person must now take honourable Sir to prisoners' camp, sorry to say."

Side-Slips

THE GLASGOW HERALD:—"Local food offices have been instructed to advise dairymen that supplies of condensed milk for distribution to NON-AMERICAN FULL-CREAMED, UNSWEETENED, PRIORITY REGISTERED customers are now available."

HEARON OBSERVER:—"The following gifts were gratefully acknowledged: Mr. —, four BOWLING fowls; . . ."



Result of "BULLETS" 1,308

FIRST PRIZE £50.

R. Foulis, Knight, Holey Avenue, Bingley, York.

Example: JUST WHAT SHE THINKS

Bullet: I SHALL "NEVER LEARN."

699: J. F. A. Frendville, 2, Mordant Road, Lower

Parham Road, Aldershot.

Example: What Happened Was

Bullet: "Two-party" Methods "Invited" Japs.

610: A. Turner, "Woodbine," Malincoourt, North

Example: Our Duty Demands

Bullet: Letting Sailing "Break Through."

61: R. G. Aldridge, 65, Tivoli Crescent, Brighton.

Our Daily Gossip—Unquestioned—That's Freedom's

"Point."

64: F. Graham, 55, Jasper Ave., Doncaster, N. Hants.

Co. Durham.

German Army—Finished? That "Conclusion's"

Field!

63: Mrs. F. Bidley, 31, The Chain, Sandwith, Kent.

In Prison—Yet "Shining Away" Spire.

62: W. Farn, 34, Silver St., Whitwick, Leicestershire.

Man Who's A Quindling—"Feeling His Collar,"

Nowadays.

59: C. Peck, 4, Aspley St., Kesteven.

In The Struggle—Let's "Smash" "Every Rod"!

58: D. W. Trevor-Davies, 6, 6 "Gloucester,"

Bath, Wells, Devon.

Seeing The Red Light—Either—"Shining Red,"

Churchill.

57: E. Roche, 2, Canal Cottages, Spink, N.

Mr. Sheffield.

German Army—Surrendering For

"Guns."

56: E. Cameron, 29, Sutherland Road, West Ealing,

W.11.

Our Daily Gossip—"Gentlemen, We Are Pre-

pared—"

55: L. Thorne, 304, Manchester Road, Tiverton,

Monmouth.

According To The Rules—Fighting Food Fighters,

Push!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

3 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD No. 200.

WINNERS: W. L. Bate and R. Bate, 2, Fox

St. East, 4, Elm, 5, Elm, 6, Elm, 7, Elm

8, Elm, 9, Elm, 10, Elm, 11, Elm, 12, Elm

13, Elm, 14, Elm.

5100 SHARERS: A. G. Fleming, 72, Manor Drive N12,

New Malden, Surrey; F. Gully, 20, Pender Road

Upper Tooting, S.W.17; T. Manswood, 19, Camp

hill Place, Esher, Surrey, S.E.11.

200 CASH shared between 20 winners—

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE £340

FOR PRIZES VALUE

GAMES AND PASTIMES FOR ALL

THE COMPLETE HOME ENTERTAINER

.....
 Applies only to GA, British, Northern
 Ireland and Wren. J.B.S. 11/10/88

Dentesivé

**'ELASTO' (Dept. 15M), Cecil House,
Belbarn Viaduct, London, E.C.**
'Elasto' is sold by Chemists everywhere.

ORTIMENT

A CALVERT PRODUCT

A CALVERT PRODUCT

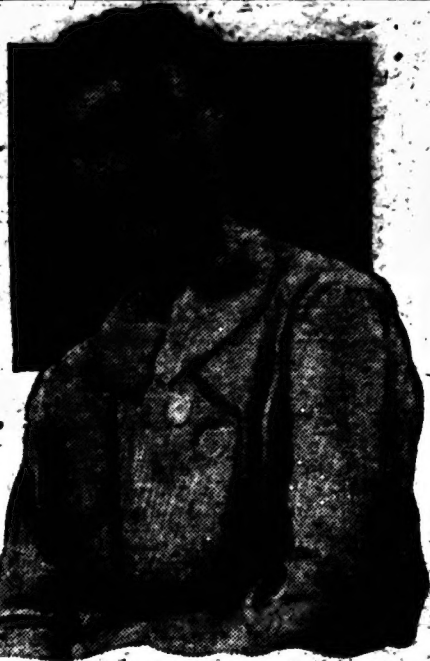
"Bull" No. 1,312 - or Xword No. 234,
"JOHN BULL," LONG ACRES,

OWN SECTION

Applies only to GB, Belgium, Northern
Ireland and W. 3.0.1 22/3/88

'Take my case'

says
Mrs. Harass.



"I can see why they tell us to eat a lot of carrots," says Mrs. Harass, "and all that about using home-grown stuff instead of imported is only common sense. But what's the use of your pretending, just because they happen to be plentiful, that carrots are the most wonderful food that ever was? A boiled carrot is just a boiled carrot, and no news to anyone."

You're wrong, Mrs. Harass; carrots don't "happen" to be plentiful. They are plentiful because of the foresight of the Government and the hard work of the British farmer. And what we say is: carrots are a good, cheap food, you can buy them when green vegetables are short, and you'll find them delicious if you give boiling them a rest. Here are three of the many other ways of serving them, delicious and simple too.

Potato and Carrot Pancake

Boil together 1½ lbs. potatoes and 1½ lbs. sliced carrots; drain (saving the liquid for soup) and mash well with salt and pepper to taste. Make a little fat very hot in a stout frying-pan, put in the mixture and fry very slowly. It will develop a deliciously crisp crust. Or if you are using the oven, bake to a good brown. Enough for 4.

Braised Carrots and Sausages

Wash and scrape 2 lbs. carrots and slice into rounds ½" thick. Lightly

grill 4 sausages. Then strain off the fat into a stout saucepan with 1 tablespoon cooking fat, 1 bay leaf, 6 peppercorns, and turn in the carrots to cook slowly, with the lid on, for 10 minutes. Now add the sausages, and 1 lb. sliced potatoes, with a pint of vegetable stock or water. Add a pinch of salt and simmer gently till the potatoes are done, about 20 mins. Season and serve. Enough for 4.

Carrots baked round the joint

Wash and scrape the carrots. Cut into rings or slices and put them in the baking tin round the joint.

Yes, there are many ways
of cooking carrots,
Mrs. Harass!



FOOD FACTS No. 81. THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

FAMILY HEALTH

comes
first...

for household & family use

What do I do...

with Clothing
Coupons
marked 'X'?

I know they may now be used (like the previous clothing coupons) at least up to the end of the rationing year—that is 31st May 1942.

Everyone will be told well in advance when coupons can no longer be used. So I don't spend my coupons now unless I have to—there will be plenty of chance to use them in the spring.

Cut this out—and keep it!

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Specs presented to the Nation
by the Brewers' Society



THAT COUGH OF YOURS is as dangerous as it is painful and distressing. You must stop it—with VENO'S Lightning COUGH CURE. This fine old family remedy ends coughs like lightning. From the first dose you will feel it warming and soothing your breathing passages. It will cut short the coughing attack! It will cut up the mucus phlegm! It will open up your bronchial tubes, giving you free breathing. VENO'S Lightning COUGH CURE is especially valuable because not only does it bring you ease and relief, but it also ends the peril by arresting the development of dangerous germs.

THE FAMILY REMEDY FOR COUGHS COLDS 'FLU'

Sold Everywhere 1/6 & 2/6 per bottle (Inc. Purchase Tax).

VENO'S Lightning COUGH CURE

When tobacco's scarce!

Some men never get the best out of their pipes. They seem unable to keep them burning evenly and coolly to the end. Result is they don't get all the pleasure they might.

and they waste tobacco. This is bad enough in peace time, when Four Square is fairly plentiful. It's far worse now, when supplies of top grade leaf are restricted by the war. Every one of us ought to be getting the best out of each fill. And we can, if we follow the Old Hints' hints, one of which is printed alongside.

FOUR SQUARE



Quick help with safety and freedom from unpleasant or harmful after-effects—that's the service people need in a hundred-and-one minor health emergencies. 'ASPRO' is the medicine that gives it to them. Two or three 'ASPRO' tablets dispel pain or nervousness in a few minutes—break up a cold or 'flu' attack in one night. Take 'ASPRO' according to the directions. The dose is therapeutically correct and adequate for full effectiveness. The results are swift and sure. Furthermore, 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart or stomach—it is not habit forming. It just renders the healing, soothing service and is swiftly eliminated from the system, leaving a sensation of well-being that has to be experienced to be believed.

'ASPRO' does NOT HARM the Heart or Stomach & IS NOT HABIT FORMING

Continual Colds Stopped

ASPRO 3 1/2 6 1/2 13 26 2